

The Australian
WOMEN'S

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

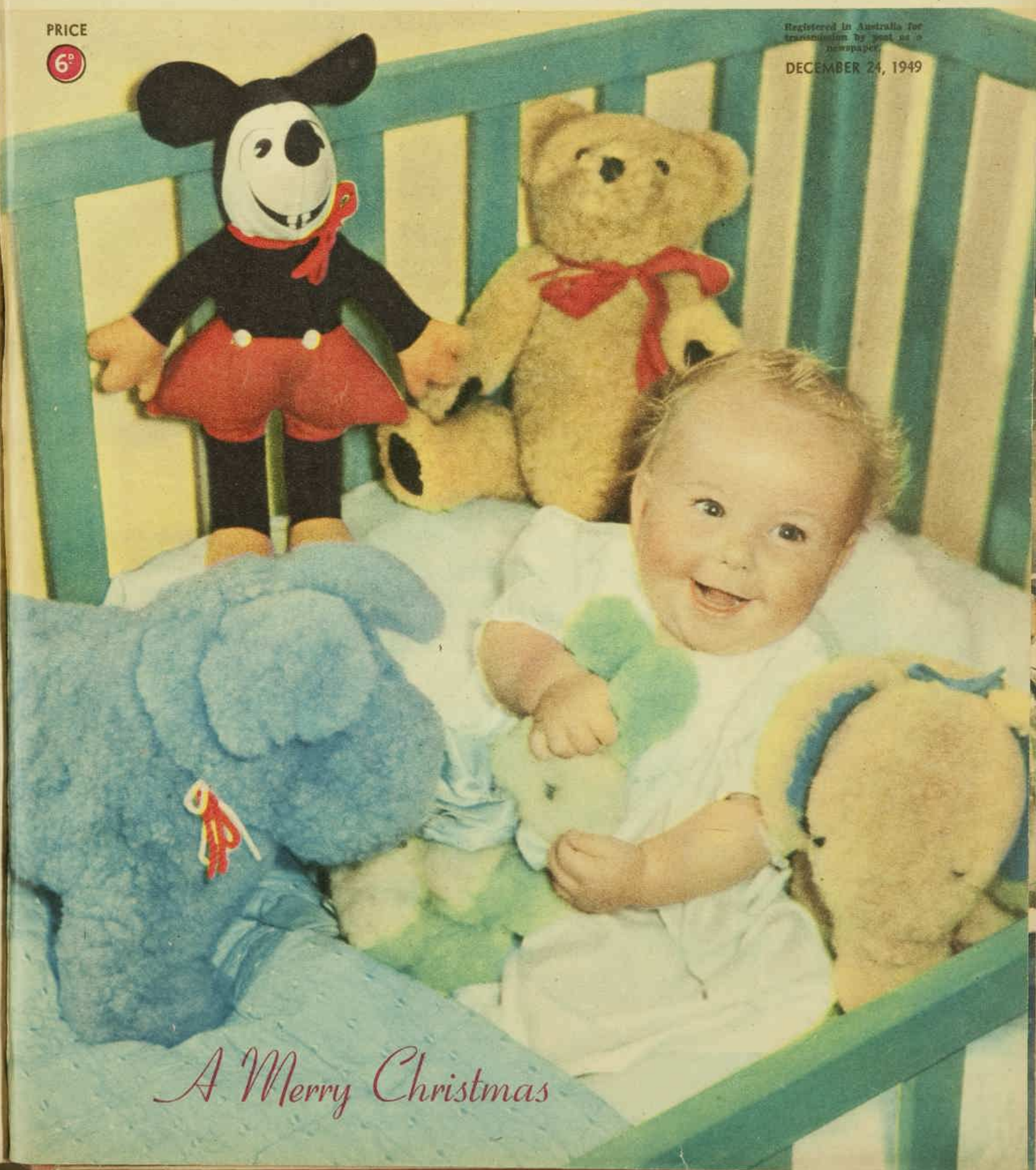
WEEKLY

PRICE

6^d

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

DECEMBER 24, 1949



A Merry Christmas

RED CROSS REPORTS!

1949 saw the resources of Red Cross strained to the utmost to meet disasters at home and overseas, to continue service to our disabled fighting men and to cope with national emergencies as they arose.



1949 EX-SERVICEMEN
A continuing service has been maintained to disabled men from all Wars in convalescent homes, hospitals and their own homes.



1949 BLOOD TRANSFUSION
A completely national service which is able to meet the needs of every hospital and the requirements of any national disaster.



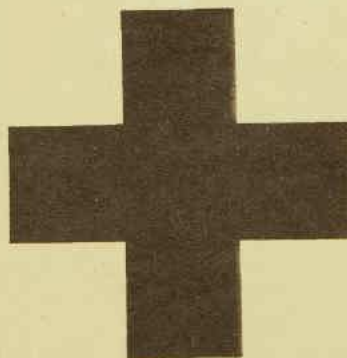
1949 TUBERCULOSIS
An extending service against Tuberculosis was carried on through free X-ray and treatment in Red Cross sanatoria.



1949 HOME NURSING
A national campaign to cope with the shortage of hospital beds and to provide a home nurse in every home was successfully launched during the year.



1949 DISASTER RELIEF
Because trained Red Cross personnel, food and clothing were ready, immediate aid was given during the year to thousands of victims of the Queensland cyclone and to disastrous New South Wales floods.



1950 Looking forward to a New Year, fresh effort must be found to strengthen Red Cross services so vital to the welfare of the people of Australia.

WILL YOU HELP - TOO?

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

double DUTCH

"Oh!" cried Marta and Ans together, gazing wide-eyed at the exciting Christmas display.

THE first day Ans and Marta held hands very hard and tight. But they needn't have been so frightened. The English school to which Tanta Isabel had sent them was a very pleasant place.

To be sure at first Miss Dover, their teacher, when she heard their names, had said: "Ans! Marta! How quaint! Dutch, I suppose?"

But then in Holland, when people had heard that their other name was James—for their father had been Tanta Isabel's youngest brother—everyone had said, "Och, Ya-mus! No what is that for a funny name! English, no?"

The other little girls, after staring hard at them for one terrible, endless morning, suddenly decided they were ALL RIGHT; and briskly set to work to teach them essential English, so that surprisingly soon they found themselves playing games during break in the school playground and chanting Eenie-meenie-mina-mo with the best.

Indeed, at the end of three months they were grumbling about their homework as fluently as anyone else, and Marta had won a star for her composition on "Myself".

I am one of a two-ling, both girls, age nine years two months. Our father was from London. Our mother was from Rotterdam. We remember them not, eight years are they dead. We remember only Oma, our grandmother, four months dead.

We live now in England, 7 Chestnut Avenue, with Miss Isabel James, who is our aunt.

Every day we come to the school for girls where many lessons we learn. Also

the knitting on four needles. Also hockey which is with sticks and a hard ball.

At home are we very happy with our puppy called Jaap, which in English is said yap. But Yap is not his nature.

Miss Dover seemed to think the last sentence was a joke. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. It was the sober truth.

Jaap. He was their puppy. Tanta Isabel had made this quite clear that momentous day when they had come home from school and seen him rolling on his back on the kitchen rug. And he had straightway become their devoted slave and anxious responsibility, for his youthful manners lacked polish.

Usually adults were tolerant of his over-exuberant advances.

"Your puppy?" they would ask, and tickle him behind his ear and immediately become very friendly.

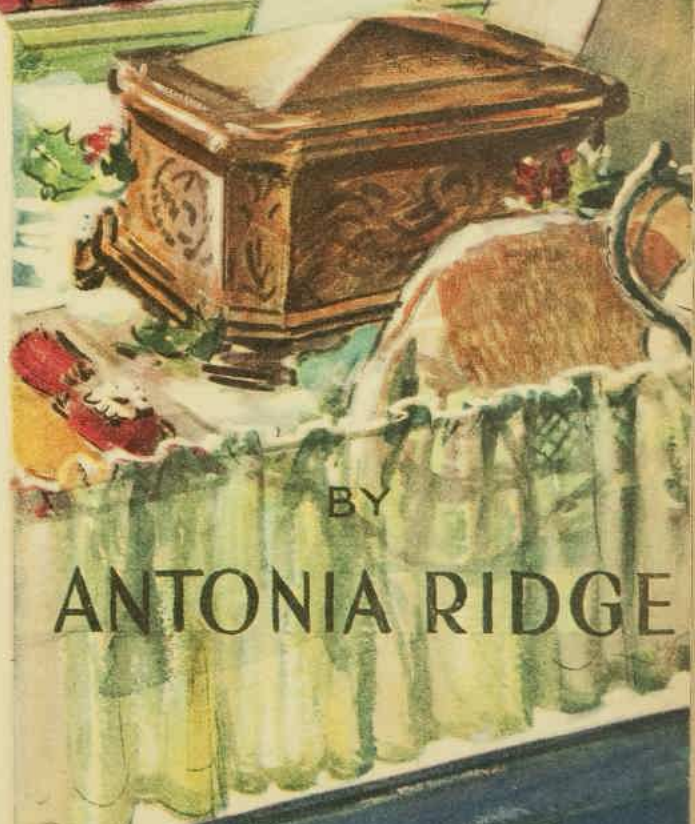
But there was one exception, the military gentleman who had the hole in his hedge. He was a very fierce and stiff old man, with eyebrows like porcupines, a face as red as his own salvias, and a voice that made the twins jump almost out of their skins.

Peter, who came to help the gardener tidy Tanta Isabel's neat lawn and paths and prune the apple trees, said the old gentleman was a Colonel and had lived for years and years in India.

"Swallowed a ramrod, and burned himself up inside eating curry," he told them darkly. "And all along of fighting for King and Country."

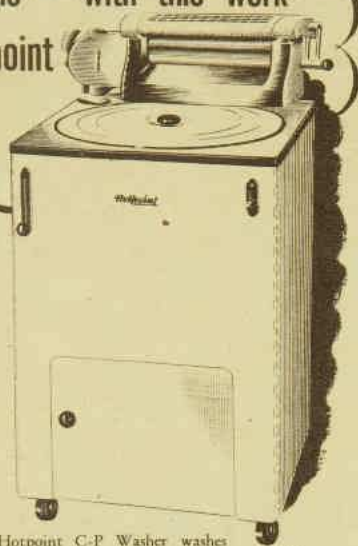
Ans and Marta were greatly impressed. Undoubtedly a very brave old gentleman, but they did wish Jaap would choose some other house to visit.

Please turn to page 4



BY
ANTONIA RIDGE

"Whiter-Cleaner" washing
every time—with this work-
saving Hotpoint
washer



The British-made Hotpoint C-P Washer washes gently, thoroughly, any fabric from blankets to the most delicate lace. And these are the features that make Hotpoint a work-saving Washer: "On-off" switch on washer; quick-action, motor-driven pump; sediment-trap prevents circulation of dirt; storage compartment for wringer; instant safety wringer release; automatic wringer pressure control. Price, £93/10/-, capital cities.



Hotpoint

model C-P clothes washer

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL HOTPOINT RETAILER

AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"There's a Hotpoint Appliance for every domestic need!"



Please her with a
PERFECT GIFT

This Christmas, convey your greetings through the medium of a gift that is beautiful, yet so practical and useful... serving through the years... saving time, food, and money. Give a

Hawkins UNIVERSAL
THE WORLD'S FINEST
PRESSURE COOKER

SO SURE . . .
SO SAFE . . .
SO SIMPLE

It brings to all busy housewives the secret of better, faster, easier cooking. It works like magic... no springs, no gadgets or dials to worry about.

Made by Hawkins of London.



Ask to see the Hawkins 8½ pints (family) size
also obtainable in 7 pints and 10½ pints size
ORDER NOW WHILE STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE
Obtainable at all Departmental, Electrical, and Hardware Stores.

ANS and Marta tried to stuff up the hedge with twigs. Jaap watched their efforts with indulgent good humor, and then, as soon as they were sure they'd made the hedge dog-proof, he selected the weakest spot and plunged triumphantly through.

Then out would rush the Colonel, waving his newspaper and shouting, "Off with you, off with you! Hi, there, you two, come and collect this confounded puppy of yours. Noisy little beast he is! You keep him on a lead from now on or one of these days I'll leather him."

And they'd have to seize Jaap, who obviously considered the whole affair a rollicking joke, and frisked round and round in circles, out-shouting the Colonel at the top of his voice. Finally there had been a regrettable accident to a clump of prize chrysanthemums, and the gentleman had fairly run them through his garden-gate, spluttering, "Next time I'll... I'll... boil that confounded dog of yours!"

After that there was nothing for it but to take their walks in another direction with Jaap firmly on a lead, and to turn a deaf ear when he whined his chagrin and disappointment.

When December came Jaap had an even bigger cause for grievance. Every outing now took them to the High Street, where, deaf to all his entreaties, Ans and Marta stopped dead at every shop window and held long and earnest parley.

It was perhaps fortunate that they only had five shillings and ninepence between them, or Christmas morning would have found Tanta Isabel resplendent in gift earrings shaped like cockle-shells and almost as big, a wide scarlet belt, studded with brass, about her ample waist, and high-heeled slippers, frothing with red feathers, on her sensible feet.

Reluctantly abandoning all hope of scraping together enough money for any of these adornments, they methodically searched the shop-windows for something equally alluring but less costly.

The second Monday in December found them wavering between a jar of green bath-salts, tied with an enormous purple bow, and a writing pad with Yuletide Greetings in letters of gold on its scarlet cover.

"She writes many letters," urged Ans.

"She also takes many baths," reasoned Marta.

Still arguing, they set off again. Jaap, prancing in joyous relief at their heels, gave a sudden whimper of dismay. They had come to a halt again—this time before Miss Napper's wool-shop.

"Och!" screamed Ans in wonder and delight, and down sat Jaap, all hope departed, and waited in drooping resignation.

Miss Napper had turned out her window to the last knitting needle. A number of unusual and exciting articles nestled artistically in a wind-swept cotton-wool snowdrift, all set about with sprigs of holly and ivy, and there was Miss Napper lavishly sprinkling the whole dazzling display with the contents of a box labelled "Sparkling Christmas Frost."

Smiling at the sight of their rapturous faces, she pointed to the notice neatly fixed on the window:

Grand Christmas Draw
Handsome Prizes

All proceeds towards Cottage Hospital Tickets, 2/6 each.

By the time they had mastered this, Miss Napper's head and shoulders had withdrawn from the window, so they now had an uninterrupted view of the handsome prizes.

But they barely glanced at the monumental tea-cosy in the guise of a thatched cottage (second prize), or the fluffy bed-jacket (third

Double Dutch

Continued from page 3

prize), or at anything else in all that bright array.

There, in the place of honor, shone the first prize—and it was the very gift, the only gift for Tanta Isabel. Dragging a long-suffering Jaap behind them, they entered the shop.

"Please," said Marta, opening her purse, "we shall like to draw first prize," and she held out two shillings and sixpence.

"Draw the First Prize!" echoed Miss Napper. "Oh dear, I don't think you understand," and she carefully explained the mysteries of a Grand Christmas Draw and showed them the book of tickets.

"I understand," said Marta. "It is a Grand Lottery."

"Oh no, dear," cried Miss Napper, very shocked. "Nothing like that. A draw, that's what this is, a Christmas Draw. Every penny goes to the Cottage Hospital."

"Very well," said Marta. "One ticket, please," and added firmly, "but only the first prize we shall like to draw. Tanta Isabel already has a teapot hat, also a reading-in-bed coat."

"Really, my dears," fussed Miss Napper, but Ans and Marta were



"It must be a nice place to go; none of the boys ever come back."

already dancing out of the shop, with Jaap behind them.

In the days that followed, Miss Napper grew more and more flustered. On their way to school, on their way back, and on every other possible occasion, there stood Ans and Marta, noses flat against her window, gazing with loving proprietorship at the first prize.

Time and time again Miss Napper stepped out on the pavement and strove to explain there were certain hazards in a Grand Christmas Draw. At last, desperate before their unshakable confidence, she even offered to buy back their ticket.

Her offer was indignantly rejected, and she retreated in confusion, saying helplessly, "Well, my dears, don't say I didn't warn you. A draw's a draw, when all's said and done."

On the Wednesday before Christmas, Miss Napper took all the butts from her book of tickets to the Cottage Hospital, shook them up very thoroughly in a hat, and invited the youngest patient to draw out ten numbers, one after the other.

On Thursday morning at nine sharp, Ans and Marta drew up breathless before her window and stared in incredulous silence, first at their ticket, and then at the first prize, now labelled: Won by holder of ticket 121.

"She has the other one forgotten," said Marta severely, and marched confidently within.

"Now, let me see," said Miss Napper, determinedly cheerful. "Well, you are lucky little girls and no mistake. Look what you've won."

And she handed them a large box of bright pink bon-bons.

"No, no, not this," said Marta, agast. "First Prize we want."

"Now, now!" chided Miss Napper, very nettled. "That's not the proper spirit. Ticket 121 won the first prize as you can see for yourselves. Your ticket is number 12, and you're very lucky to get such a nice prize. Wait a minute, I'll wrap it up for you."

"No, no," choked Marta, and turned and fled. Behind her ran Ans, tugging a startled Jaap. Straight ahead they flew, not looking to right or left, on and on, faster and faster, or the great sobs gathering and rising within them might burst out and shame them before all these people walking so unconcernedly up and down the High Street.

And now, with a wuff of delight, Jaap shot ahead, tore his lead from their shaking hands, and led their blind flight.

Presently he hesitated. Then loudly and triumphantly he remembered, and set joyous course down a quiet side street. With the rapturous precision of a homing bird he made straight for a trim little house, and shot like an arrow through a hole in the hedge!

Too late, Ans and Marta, panting close behind him, remembered the Colonel!

They hurried to the gate and looked over. The neat garden lay serene and still; no sign of Jaap anywhere! Could it be that the Colonel had had a pot on the stove all waiting!

Silently they lifted the latch, stole along the path, and round to the side of the house. A wave of relief swept over them.

There was Jaap, in an ecstasy of delight, scuffling and pawing in a sea of paper. And there on its side lay the Colonel's big salvage bin, spilling out the garnered store of weeks of patriotic hoarding.

Ans flung herself on the dangling lead, and firmly grabbed Jaap's collar. Marta ran to right the overturned bin and feverishly set to work to gather up the litter. Suddenly she straightened up.

"Look!" she breathed, and held out a crumpled pink paper. They smoothed it out. It was a ticket for the Grand Christmas Draw!

"Oh!" gasped Ans, and pointed a trembling finger, and there before their eyes danced three figures... they were 121.

"Jaap found it. It is ours!" whispered Marta.

Then grey doubt shook her. "Perhaps by accident it is here. Perhaps he..."

They stared at each other in growing uncertainty, honesty and dear desire waging bitter battle in both their hearts.

Then suddenly it happened. A gust of icy wind swept round the house and sent the paper still scattered at their feet whirling upward in a dancing spiral. Away broke Jaap in a noisy pursuit, and above his clamor came an angry shouting and the pounding of heavy feet. And there stood the Colonel!

"Well!" he barked. "What's the meaning of this, leaving my gate open, traipsing all over the place, turning out all my wastepaper and letting it blow all over my garden!"

"Take this," cried Marta fiercely. "Take this." She thrust a pink ticket into his hands, and burst into loud, passionate sobs.

"Here, here!" said the Colonel hurriedly, with an anxious glance over the hedge. "No need to kick up such a fuss. Come in, come in, or the neighbors will think I'm spanking you."

Please turn to page 20

Xavier Expresses Himself

By **PETER GODFREY**

IT all started in the sheds at Salt River, in the small hours of the morning, just before the first drivers came to take over. There was banter, some of it not so good-natured, and poor old slow plodding Xavier was the butt.

His name was Xavier, but of course the railwaymen referred to him by many different titles during the course of the day. In the morning, at Capetown, he was the 8.32-all-stations-to-Fish-Hook, and later in the day he was the 11.27-all-stations-Fish-Hook-to-Capetown, and the 12.49-all-stations-to-Capetown-to-Mowbray, and many other names, but all of the small stations, and no distance further than Fish Hook.

In fact, Xavier was probably the oldest and staidest conveyance in the Cape Suburban Service.

The train that started all the banter was Pegasus, and he was quite a superior sort of unit, because he was used mainly on express work.

He was the 7.34-Capetown-Salt-River-Kenilworth-then-all-stations-train-to-Simonstown and the 8.25 Simonstown-all-stations-to-Fish-Hook-then-express-to-Capetown, and all his journeys were at fast speed, hauling many coaches, and with the minimum of stoppages.

"Why," he said to Xavier, "if you were to take over even one of my schedules, you'd probably collapse completely at the end, and in any case the gangsters would have to go picking up little bits of you all along the route."

Xavier replied gently, "I prefer a quiet life. An all-stations schedule suits me very well." And the gibing that the other trains engaged in shook him neither from the same gentle attitude nor the same expressed opinion.

All the same he was not telling the truth. Beneath his complacent purring a tide of forgotten dreams moved sluggishly.

It filled him with a faint bitterness, a vague longing to be otherwise, all through his early chug from platform to platform, and as the irksome journey progressed he felt the mettle of his youth stirring itself, impatient to be off, sending tremors of energy through his body and the two extra coaches at every stoppage.

All stations to Fish Hook.

Waiting for the return journey, he simmered in the siding. It was a long wait, and even then nothing to look forward to. All stations back to Capetown, and probably only one or two passengers waiting for him. And they would only be waiting because they had missed the fast 11.5-Simonstown-to-Capetown. And they would curse their luck at having to travel on him.

Actually, Xavier's thoughts were a little unjust to the one passenger who got on at Fish Hook. Mr. Skelton had arrived at the station in plenty of time to catch the fast train, but he was in no hurry to reach Capetown, because when he arrived there he would have to act, and he had not yet finished his thinking.

The problem on his mind would have seemed ridiculous to anybody who did not know Mr. Skelton. But to Mr. Skelton himself, with his long life without friends or family, with his miserly attachment to what he did have, it was a very pressing problem, indeed.

What building society shares should he take out this month?

In his pocket were the five five-pound notes which represented the balance of his regular income after all his meagre living expenses had been met. The money had to be invested. It had to be invested safely.

In a building society, as he had invested the same amount each month for years in building societies. Only which one? There was too much in all of them now—eggs in the basket—too much for safety. Which one? Which—?

At the conductor's whistle Xavier, like a trained dog, did what was expected of him. He pushed his wheels round, gripping the rails, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, but not too fast. Oh no, not too fast. Only one passenger, but still—not too fast. That would never do at all.

Clovelly. Pull up. What for? No passengers, no passengers for the slow train. No passengers for 11.27-all-stations-to-Fish-Hook-to-Capetown. Never any passengers.

But at Kalk Bay Mrs. van Niekerk was waiting. She would have liked to have caught the fast train, but it did not stop at Newlands. If she had thought of it before, she could have bought a ticket to Capetown, and

"What's happening?" The thought flashed through each mind as the discontented train staged its revolt.

caught the bus from there to the hospital. Only she thought of it too late.

She had paid her fare to Newlands, and there was still half-a-crown left of all her money, and at Newlands there was Gert Bester who drove a taxi, and who would take her to the hospital for half-a-crown. And she would maybe speak to Hendrik before he died.

Because she was afraid not only of losing them, but also of being afraid she might have lost them, she held the ticket and the half-crown tightly in her left hand. She climbed in and sat down in the same compartment as Mr. Skelton.

Right away, driver. Slow-ly round, and slow-ly round, and slow-ly round, and slowly round, and slowly round, fast-er, faster, fasterfast, and pullme up, and pullme up, and pull . . . me . . . up. St. James.

Two passengers this time. A girl and a man, standing yards apart, very casual, perhaps too casual. But they both got in the same carriage, at opposite ends, and when they saw it was empty they came towards each other, met in the middle, and kissed. It was the very end carriage.

Xavier started to move again.

The girl looked round nervously.

"Olive, darling," said the man, "don't be afraid. Nobody's seen us. I told you this slow train would be empty. We're quite safe now. In two hours we'll be married, and then you needn't worry about your father. I'll have the legal right to protect you then, remember."

"I know, Bill," she said, "but all the same I can't help feeling nervous. It's such a terribly big step we're taking. I wish I was like you—calm and confident—but I suppose I'm just naturally a coward. I won't feel safe until we're out of the registry office."

"Don't think about it," he said. "My shoulders are broad enough for both of us. Think of the future instead . . . Do you still love me, Olive?"

"I'll always love you, darling . . ."

MRS. VAN NIEKERK in the next coach looked at Mr. Skelton and did not see him. She was seeing Hendrik as he was forty years ago, with his full cheeks and his bushy eyebrows, and she thought of him as he was now, on the bed at the hospital, with the eyebrows still bushy, but pitifully thin.

Mr. Skelton looked at Mrs. van Niekerk and saw only building society names: Acme, Consolidated, Continental, Pan-African, a whole host of them, and they all had shares, and he had shares in all of them, and there was £25 in his pocket, and he had to invest it, and probably they were all gilt-edged, only if they weren't . . .

Xavier pulled in at Muizenberg, and when he had pulled in he was annoyed. Usually there were several passengers waiting here; to-day there was only a lady with a little boy.

Perhaps he would not have been so annoyed if he had known that the lady had waited for him, and that she preferred travelling on him than on all the fast trains in the system. Not for her own sake, but because she was afraid for her little boy.

"He must have no excitement," the doctor had said, "no excitement at all, Mrs. Jacobson. If Davie hadn't had a very strong constitution, he'd never have pulled through the rheumatic fever. As it is, his heart . . . Bring him in to see me on the 15th, and when you do, take a slow train. Remember, no excitement . . ."

Please turn to page 26

Page 5

Gifts Galore

from **HOLEPROOF**



3 FAMOUS HOSIERY STYLES



1 **Queen of Hearts**
(Nylon Chiffons) . . . 12/11

2 **Black Magic**
(Pure Silk Sheers) . . . 10/6

3 **Sincerity**
(Pure Silk Service Weight) 10/11



in Attractive
FREE GIFT PACKS

COLOURS
INSPIRED
BY
Jean Patou
OF PARIS

For your holiday Gay, Colorful **SOCKETTES**



Popularly priced from 2/6 to 3/3 pr.

Men's **SOCKS!**

in **LIBERATORS** and **LIBS**

(Long & Short self-supporting Socks)
—plus a marvellous array of
all other types in a wide
price range.



Famous **TIES**

For the men in your life

—choose from the color-

ful range of **HOLEPROOF**

TIES. Priced from 6/11.



TO OUR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF FRIENDS WE SEND **XMAS GREETINGS**

MIND IF I USE YOUR TELEPHONE?

By TED SCHURMANN

WELL, this was what I wanted. A flat to myself, solitude at night, ample opportunity to catch up with my studying.

Somehow the work had not been proceeding as smoothly as I'd planned. Perhaps it was taking me some time to get accustomed to the new surroundings.

Perhaps, at the back of my mind, was the thought that having a miniature flat of my own with a telephone and everything was a luxury I couldn't really afford.

Perhaps it was not being able to get out of mind that girl I saw every day going upstairs to her flat on the first floor.

I started thinking about her again. I knew nothing about her, unfortunately, except that she lived upstairs and was nice to look at.

I knew that much because I'd seen her going upstairs and I'd been looking at her quite a bit.

I felt thwarted because that was all I knew. Civilisation has come to a pretty state, I thought, when you can live under the same roof as a girl and not even know her name.

Enough of that, I said, forget her. On with your work.

I buried myself in a text book. There was a knock on the door.

I said something that was nearly a swear word and got up and went to the door. It was the girl from upstairs.

"Hullo," she said. "Mind if I use your phone?"

I mentally withdrew the near swear and said: "Not at all. Come right in. There it is on the desk."

"I hate interrupting you like this, but it's raining outside and I didn't want to get wet going down to the phone box at the corner."

"Of course not," I told her.

She sat down at the phone and I went into the kitchenette and tried not to listen to what she was saying.

I turned on a tap, just to make some noise. I heard the receiver click as she finished her call. I turned off the tap.

"Thanks so much," she called. "I'll leave the money on your table. You saved me from getting wet."

I went back into the sitting-room.

"No fun getting wet, is it?" I said, hoping to start a long and interesting conversation.

"I wish you could get my girl friend to think so."

"Just leave me alone with her and a hose..."

"I was to go to the pictures with her to-night and I just phoned her to say that I couldn't come because it was raining. She seemed to think that the rain shouldn't stop us. I'd rather stay home on my own than go out and get wet."

"On your own? Listen, if you're..."

"I mustn't hold you up," she said coolly. "Thanks again."

"Don't mention it. And remember the phone's always here. You might like to have my number in case you want someone to ring you any time. I'll gladly rush upstairs and get you if you're wanted. Here, I'll give you the number."

I whipped a notebook from my

pocket and jotted it down. She said good-night and left me.

Well, that's a start, I thought. I glanced at the phone. And I'd told Mr. Curlin, my landlord, that I'd prefer a flat without a phone because I wanted to work and I hated interruptions.

"Good heavens!" he'd exclaimed, "the world's full of people looking for flats and for phones and you grizzle because you can't have one without the other. Do you want a flat or don't you?"

"I'll go quietly," I said.

Now, because of the phone, I'd actually got on to speaking terms with the girl upstairs. I caressed my phone receiver, lovingly.

Next evening I sat at my desk. Outside it was not raining so I supposed there was no reason why the girl should come down to ring up. Well, at least I should have an uninterrupted evening.

I jumped a little when the phone rang beside me. I was not used to that. I lifted the receiver.

It was a girl's voice. She said: "May I speak to Miss Blake, please?"

"Miss Blake?"

"Yes, Miss Madeline Blake. She's upstairs from you."

"Oh, the girl upstairs. Certainly, I'll get her."

I went upstairs, thinking: Madeline Blake. Madeline.

I knocked on her door. I knew I had it badly when the door opened and her lovely head looked around it.

"Phone," I said.

"Oh, what a nuisance."

We came downstairs together. I went into the kitchenette again. I turned on the tap, poured a glass of water, tried to drink it, poured it down the sink instead.

I opened a cupboard door and shut it again. I heard Miss Madeline Blake put down the receiver.

"Thanks," she called.

"Don't mention it."

She was starting out the door. I thought quickly. "How about a cup of coffee? I'm just making some."

"Well, I—all right, thanks."

"Good. Sit down."

"No, I'll come and help. That's if there's room for two of us in your kitchen."

I put on the electric kettle.

First he tried a line; then she got a ring; and now they are engaged

"I'm Peter Thomas," I told her.

"Are you? I'm —"

"Don't tell me. Let me guess. You're Madeline Blake."

"Right. I always admire people who can guess other people's names first try."

"I'm clever at other things as well," I said.

"What I like most about you," she told me, "is that you have a telephone."

"Yes, I had to work hard to get that phone."

"You're sure you don't mind my using it?"

"Not at all, so long as you'll always stay for coffee afterwards."

"I'll wait until I've tried your coffee, then I'll let you know."

I thought I was doing all right. I got out cups and saucers, sugar, coffee, milk. I made the coffee and poured it.

"Just use the phone whenever you wish," I said, jotting down the number for her.

"You must let me help," she said. "Come in to the fire."

"Have you a fire? I hadn't noticed."

"I've always got a fire." I turned on the radiator. I said: "Tell me more about yourself. What else don't you like, besides getting wet?"

"Spinach. Now you know all about me."

"I knew we'd get to know each other in time," I said.

"So am I," she answered warmly.

"I used to watch you running upstairs and think, why can't I talk to her; why can't I ask her in for coffee?"

"Why didn't you?"

"I wish I had," I said ruefully.

"Think of all the time I've wasted. I've been here nearly a week. More coffee?"

"Yes, only this time I'll pour it."

She took the cups. I sat there, in my own flat, and watched Madeline pour out coffee and bring it to me. This is all right, I thought.

"This is all right," I said.

"Well, you made it."

"I don't mean the coffee. I mean having you here to bring it to me—and just having you here."

Please turn to page 26



Transform a tired end-of-the-day complexion into evening glamor with a **I-Minute Mask** tonight

Miss Nancy du Pont, debutante daughter of a notable American family has the radiant loveliness of amber eyes, light brown hair and fair skin. Nancy says: "Before I go out I always have a I-Minute Mask. It's *fun* to do this Pond's face treatment and your skin looks *wonderful* after it."

Think of it! Just 60 seconds after you sit down in front of your mirror, you can have a sparkling new complexion — fresher, adorably softer, even lighter.

Always before you go out — whenever you want to look your loveliest — give your skin this delightful beauty lift — a I-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.



How to apply the I-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face — except eyes.
2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream starts to loosen dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.
3. After just one minute tissue off clean. Your face looks lighter, clearer . . . feels so blissfully soft. You're ready for a radiant evening!

POND'S VANISHING CREAM





"I shall play the part like this,"
Magda cried, her eyes widen-
ing suddenly, her face stiffening.

with J. G. Lish

Crooked House

By . . .
**AGATHA
CHRISTIE**

ARISTIDE LEONIDES, wealthy Greek, dies by poisoning. CHARLES HAYWARD, in love with his grand-daughter SOPHIA, goes with CHIEF INSPECTOR TAVENER to the Leonides home.

This comprises various relatives, who state that the murder was done by BRENDA, Leonides' young second wife. Sophia tells Charles that she fears this is untrue.

Now read on:—

I STARED at Sophia, frowning. "You don't think that Brenda did it?" I said slowly.

"I don't know," She shook her head. "You've heard about it all from the outside as I wanted you to," she went on. "Now I'll show it to you from the inside. I simply don't feel that Brenda is that kind of person. She's not the sort of person, I feel, who would ever do anything that might involve her in any danger. She's far too careful of herself."

"How about this young man you spoke of? The tutor—Laurence Brown."

"Laurence is a complete rabbit. He wouldn't have the nerve."

"I wonder."

"Yes, we don't really know, do we? I mean, people are capable of surprising one frightfully. One gets an idea of them into one's head, and sometimes it's absolutely wrong. Not always, but sometimes. But all the same, Brenda—" She shook her head.

"She's always acted so completely in character. She's what I call the harem type. Likes sitting about and eating sweets and having nice clothes and jewellery, and reading cheap novels and going to the pictures. And it's a queer thing to say, when one remembers that he was eighty-seven, but I really think she was rather thrilled by grandfather." She was frowning thoughtfully.

"He had a power, you know. I should imagine he could make a woman feel—oh—

rather like a queen. The Sultan's favorite! I think, I've always thought, that he made Brenda feel as though she were an exciting, romantic person. He's been clever with women all his life, and that kind of thing is an art. You don't lose the knack of it, however old you are."

I left the problem of Brenda for the moment and harked back to a phrase of Sophia's which had disturbed me.

"Why did you say," I asked, "that you were afraid?"

Sophia shivered a little. She said in a low voice: "It's very important, Charles, that I should make you understand this. You see, we're a very queer family. There's a lot of ruthlessness in us—and—different kinds of ruthlessness. That's what's so disturbing. The different kinds."

She must have seen incomprehension in my face. She went on talking energetically.

"I'll try to make what I mean clear. Grandfather, for instance. Once when he

was telling us about his boyhood in Smyrna, he mentioned, quite casually, that he had stabbed two men." She winced slightly.

"It was some kind of brawl—there had been some unforgivable insult—I don't know—but it was just a thing that had happened quite naturally," she continued.

"He'd really practically forgotten about it. But it was, somehow, such a queer thing to hear about, quite casually, in England."

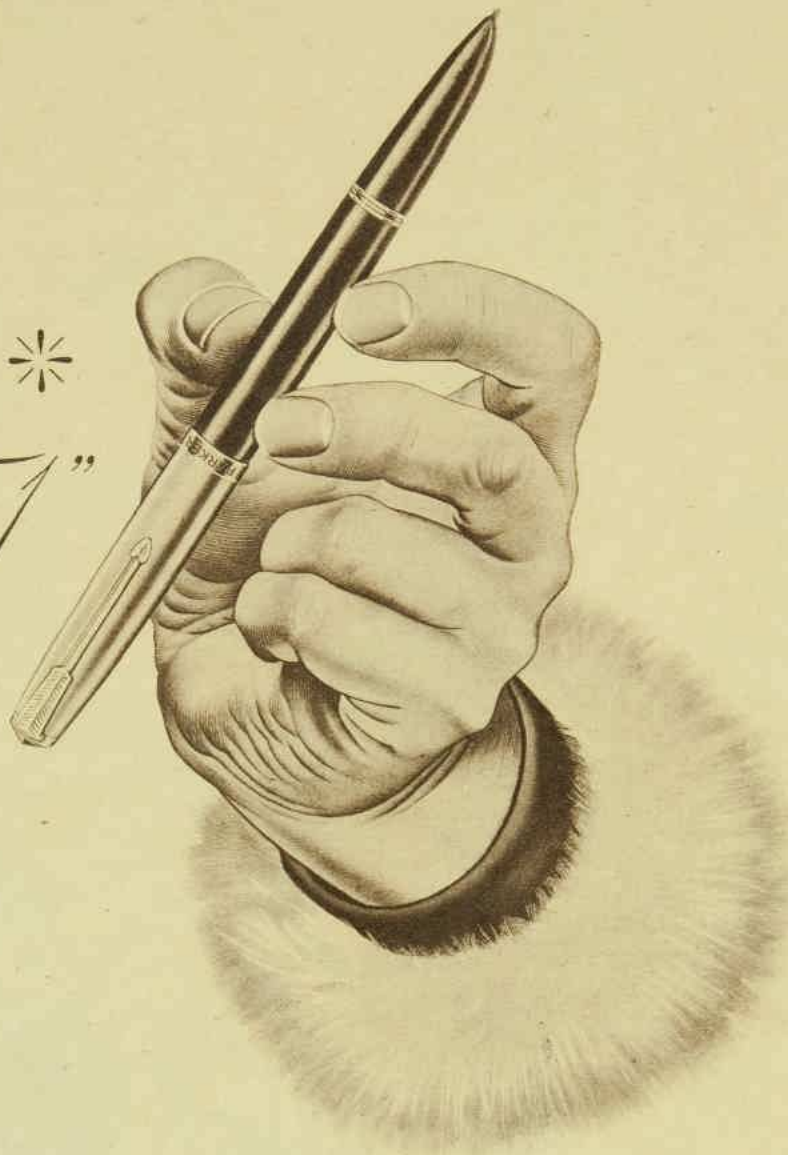
I nodded.

"That's one kind of ruthlessness," went on Sophia, "and then there was my grandmother. I only just remember her, but I've heard a good deal about her. I think she might have had the ruthlessness that comes from having no imagination whatever."

She gave a wry little smile, and added: "All those foxhunting forebears, and the old generals, the shoot-'em-down type. Full of rectitude and arrogance, and not a bit afraid of taking responsibility in matters of life and death."

Please turn to page 27

Parker "51"



Surveys made in 34 countries show that the Parker "51" is the world's most welcome gift pen . . .

It is easy to see why. Look at its elegant design; see how it gleams with jewel-like beauty. See how effortlessly the "51" writes the moment you touch its point to paper.

The unique tubular nib is enclosed to protect it permanently against dirt and damage. A patented ink trap and feed ensure a smooth and even ink flow. You can choose the "51" in black, or from a range of distinguished colours . . . with Lustraloy cap or with Rolled Gold cap.

*The world's most
wanted
Gift Pen!*

You make a friend for life
when you give a Parker "51"

Other famous Parker pens:
DUOFOLD, the finest
pen at its price in
the world. Rolled Gold
arrow clip - 14 carat gold nib.
VICTORY, moderately
priced, but retaining all
the elegance and efficiency
of every Parker pen.
For the best results
use QUINK - a protective
ink for all good fountain pens.

Distributors for Australia: Brown & Dureau Limited, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth.

This new low-waisted look

Rene interprets the new low-waisted fashion being shown by some leading Paris designers and thinks these may be forerunners of a big swing in style.

● The dress, at right, shows a very definite new line. While the waistline really remains where it was, the torso has a narrow, lengthened look, drawn down to the hips and accented by a cuffed hipline. Skirt is moderately full.

● The jumper-suit silhouette, below, is very 1929. It is in jersey and also has the long moulded top ending in a cuffed hipline. The collar pulled high around the throat is also typical of 1929.



● Silk taffeta used in the dress, above, is fitted closely over the figure to a tightly tied hip swathe, from which the skirt flares briskly into width. This dress and the cloche hat worn with it could not be more reminiscent of the sophisticated fashions of exactly 20 years ago.

*Lovely to give -
Lovely to get*



HILTON
"Waltz Dream"
Nylons

HILTON *"Waltz Dream"*
nylons, in four
colours perfect for
summer wear,
are the ideal
Christmas gift...
each pair in a
lovely gift pack.

Price 13/- pair.

HILTON
FULL FASHIONED
Stockings



H284



PARTNERS' PET. Yes, that's our up-to-date Sal. She's always in demand. When the samba came in she learnt it immediately by having lessons.



STYMIED BY A SAVORY? Not at all! With bag over arm, gloves sensibly removed, her hand is free to take one gracefully when offered.

How to enjoy a party



★ This is the story of Sal, the girl who knows how to enjoy parties. She's always welcome because her own enjoyment creates enjoyment round her. It's the things she does and the way she does them that make her so sought after.

If you want to get the most out of the gay Christmas and New Year party circuit, you'll take a leaf out of her book.

THE PARTY SPIRIT. Because she looks so nice all the rest of the time, Sal isn't afraid of sometimes looking silly on purpose. Girls who are afraid to put on a comic cap or blow a trumpet miss out on half the fun of a jolly Christmas party. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



TUNE TYRANT? Never! She gets fun out of playing what other people want to hear.



BAILED-UP BY A-BORE. Yes, it happens to even our girl Sal. But knowing that help will come, she makes the best of it, tries to show interest.



HELP TO THE HOSTESS. When there looks like being a bottleneck in the service department, she cheerfully makes herself useful and washes glasses.



CHECK on hemline and straight stocking seams beforehand leaves mind free to enjoy party.

INTRODUCING boys to other girls helps make party go. She isn't a male monopoliser (right).



*The All-Australian towel that is the
equal of any imported towel
for beauty and softness –
and it sells at half
the price.*

"Dri-Glo"

*and as for
long wear...
read this*



This label is on every Dri-glo towel. Always look for it. You get extra long wear from Dri-glo towels because every Dri-glo is woven on a base of DOUBLE-WARP or two-fold yarns of superfine cotton.

Theatre Wise

A night at the theatre calls for the special glamor of these styles from New York and Paris to make you look your loveliest.



● Above, ankle-length lace frock, styled in New York, has dropped shoulder.



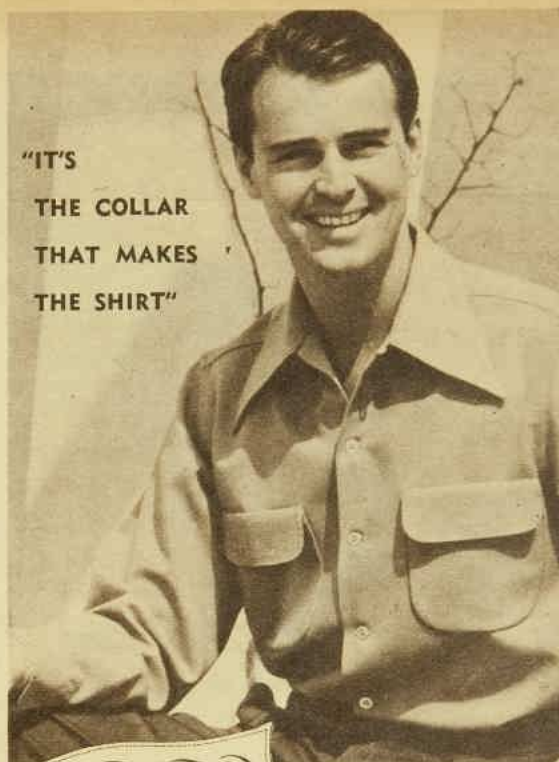
● Glitter cap, above, by Hattie Carnegie, is of white satin with silver, pearl, and rhinestone embroidery trim, and from the same designer comes the idea below, with feathers and a rhinestone button holding a fine eye-veil.



● Pauline Trigere, New York, designs this pencil-slim wool tuxedo suit and taffeta blouse.



● Paquin's theatre suit is of green broche with slim skirt, hip fullness.



"IT'S
THE COLLAR
THAT MAKES
THE SHIRT"



Casual shirts in California style. Distinctive craftsmanship by Buckwalter brings you "Country Club," the finest sports shirt you can buy. Hand washable fabrics, fast colours, and custom tailoring.

COUNTRY CLUB SHIRTS ARE STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with New! Improved! Colgate Dental Cream

EXHAUSTIVE research by Eminent American Dental Authorities proves how using Colgate Dental Cream helps stop dental decay before it starts! Continuous research — hundreds of case histories — makes this the most important news in dental history! Eminent American dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care. The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—far less tooth decay! The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Giant 2½
Large 1½



COLGATE CLEANS YOUR
BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



New! Improved!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Now Better Than Ever!

New delicious double minty flavour! New sparkling snow-white colour! New scientific polishing action! New soapless penetrating foam — For effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's* to

Clean Your Breath While
You Clean Your Teeth—and
HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating

D10-149A

Australia's Finest Gift . . .



The true joy of giving will be reflected
in pride of ownership when you choose a

SCRIBAL Ball Point Pen —
the gift of discrimination.

GIFT PACK
All models are
available in the gift
pack . . . perfect
presentation of "Aus-
tralia's Finest Gift".

PIXIE
Australia's new-
est pen — slips
easily into pocket
or purse. Gold
24/6. Silver 19/6.
Refills 2/6.

EXECUTIVE
Resplendent in
gleaming gold—the
gift to last a life-
time. 77/6. Refills
3/6.

MANAGER
Slim, streamlined
design in shining
silver—50/3. Refills
3/6.

SECRETARY
Pleasing shades of
butycol plastic with
attractive nickel cap.
27/6. Refills 2/10.



Scribal

BALL POINT PENS..WRITE FOR AUSTRALIA



Which was your most memorable Christmas?

Vivid recollections from some well-known people

Christmas is a time of memories. As families gather this week they will be recalling the people, the events, the gifts that were part of other Christmases in other years.

We asked a number of well-known people in Australia and abroad which was their most memorable Christmas. Here are their replies:

MR. H. G. OLIPHANT, father of Professor Marcus Oliphant, the world-famed physicist: "Sixteen years ago I went with my wife to England, while our son was at Cambridge, and for a year and a day I became a student of economics at the famous old University. At Christmas I attended the ancient service known as the Nine Tellings held in the candlelit College Chapel. These Tellings were a repetition of the old, old story and of the prophecies which foretold that wonderful coming."

"The narrators were a student, a doctor, a master, a townsman, and so on, each standing at the lectern and impressively telling his piece. The carols were sung by the College choristers at intervals and the effect of the music resounding from the stone-vaulted roof was like nothing I have heard before or since."

"The flickering candlelight (that Chapel has known no other illumination in all the centuries of its existence), the solemn pronouncements, and the wonderful music created an atmosphere that was uplifting."

"Later I attended the Midnight Mass and the Blessing of the Crib in one of the town's ancient churches. During the drive home through the leafless but beautiful trees, a large owl flew ahead in the light of the car's headlights for a while and then disappeared in the darkness of the elms tops through which glimmered the distant stars."



HANS HEYSEN, well-known landscape artist: "Christmas 1904 stands out in my memory as it was the first since my marriage, and I had just made my first big sale—'Coming Home'—to the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. I celebrated that Christmas as I have done ever since in my studio with a family party. We had a tree, we sang carols, and with the blinds drawn and in the light of 150 candles on the trees, presents were opened."

MATRON EDNA SHAW, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney: "I have spent 40 Christmases at Crown Street and they all have a place in my memory. Always we have lots of new mothers and lots of new babies. We have presents for all the babies, a special dinner for the patients, and the nurses always have a gay Christmas dinner, whether on or off duty. It's a happy day, but, for me, one of the busiest of the year."

"I think perhaps I remember last Christmas better than any other. We had 24 new babies born on Christmas Day, and for the hospital dinner we had been given an enormous plum pudding, which contained 50 2/- pieces, and which was so large it took two men to carry it."

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES ANDERSON, V.C., M.C., who won the Victoria Cross in Malaya: "Of my 52 Christmases I think those I spent away from home at war made the most lasting impressions, and of these I find that that of 1943 remains freshest in my memory. It was spent on the Burma Railway, just after the line from Burma had been linked up with that from Siam. For a time the harsh and savage driving of our Japanese taskmasters had eased and the news trickling through on our secret wireless was more heartening."

"Our approaches to the Japanese for increased rations for the festive season met with indifferent success, and the only co-operation they gave us was to cut our rations for the week before so as to build up a little of the shockingly meagre meat ration for the great day. Our base camp, through strenuous efforts, succeeded in getting two small pigs through to us—a thousand men."

"The camp cooks, as always did a marvellous job, tediously grinding rice into flour on homemade mills, making cakes and puddings, and turning on a five-course meal. This change alone from the deadly monotony of the P.O.W. food, and the fact that we had just received the first letters from home, brought a real Christmas feeling to the camp. We were given the day as a holiday—a day of rest, and all turned out for church parade and a concert."



DIANA WYNYARD, British stage and film star:

On Christmas Day, 1915, when I was seven years old, I woke at dawn to see big white blobs—pillow-cases filled with presents—hanging at the foot of my bed."

"I received the most magnificent doll. It was china and about two feet tall with wonderful blond hair and splendid blue eyes that opened and shut like anything. Also in the pillow-case was a complete set of Beatrix Potter, my introduction to her. Before breakfast I had read 'Mrs. Tiggy Winkle,' which is still my favorite. Then there was a wonderful set of colored boxes which fitted one inside the other."

"Their fascination must have lasted, because when I was in Melbourne I fell in love with a set of scalloped shells from the

Barrier Reef. They sat one upon the other, getting smaller and smaller."

"My father, who wasn't usually a help in the house, always made a ritual of decorating the dinner-table for Christmas. This particular Christmas it was done with trails of smilax falling from a beautiful and lovingly polished silver urn—the most wonderful thing I had ever seen."

"I think this Christmas stands out most in my memory because it symbolised the ending of a way of living. The next year we were at war . . ."

"I think Christmas is particularly a time for children. There is something a little bit painful about adults dressing themselves up in paper caps and bursting balloons if they don't feel happy enough. If these things are done for children Christmas takes on a new sparkle."

GENERAL SIR THOMAS BLAMEY, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Forces in the last war: "Christmas 1916 is the one I remember most vividly. Rain, rain, and more rain streamed into our leaky dug-outs in a trench on the Somme just outside a village occupied by the Germans. The enemy was only fifty yards away."

"We struggled to eat a Christmas dinner from food parcels from home. Everything, including our Christmas dinner, was sopping wet and gas shells whizzed overhead."

HELEN KELLER, world-famous author, who is deaf, dumb, and blind: "The Christmas I remember most joyously is the first I spent with my teacher. She found me in a dark and soundless world full of fears, and the world she dropped from her fingers into my long night was the resurrection of my life. Out of emptiness there tumbled all the bright treasures—language, love, playmates, laughter! That first Christmas sang and blossomed for me with a glory that still abides. In the glow of that memory I send my warmest Christmas greetings to all my friends in Australia."



POLLY, at 77 years of age, still the most famous flower "girl" of Piccadilly Circus, London:

"I have 13 great-grandchildren coming to see me this Christmas. They'll bring me presents and we'll have a family reunion, but my most memorable Christmas was many years ago, when I was a young mother with eight children round me. In those days I used to sell buttonholes to dandies—in King Edward's day. Things were cheap then, and I always had enough money hidden in an old teapot to buy toys. On Christmas Eve the boys in Covent Garden would say, 'Here y'are, Polly, Christmas trees free to-day.' I'd give 'em a kiss, bless 'em."



JUDITH ANDERSON, Australian dramatic actress, who has made a world name for herself on the stage and screen: "I believe the coming Christmas will be the most memorable of my life for I hope to have my mother, brother, and all his family from England settled with me on my California ranch home. I am older and wise enough to appreciate all the happiness and plenty which surrounds me. Until I next come to Australia, which I hope will be in the near future, I send my love and good wishes for holiday time to all my friends there."

SPIKE JONES, American band leader, who is famous for his crazy interpretations of popular music and their lyrics: "Up to now I always thought my best Christmas was the one when Mum gave me an old beatup washboard as a drum. That was the start of my so-called musical career. But recently my band has been featuring a song called 'All I want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth,' and yesterday a package came for me marked, 'Do not open until Christmas,' so I opened it. There were two lovely front teeth, so I guess this will be my best Christmas."



MADGE ELLIOTT and Cyril Ritchard, the Australian husband-and-wife musical comedy team, at present playing with success Pinero's "The Schoolmistress" at Stratford-on-Avon, England: "We remember specially the Christmas of five years ago, after the liberation of Paris, as it was the most exciting one we have spent. We opened on Christmas Eve in the Marigny Theatre, Paris, in 'The Merry Widow,' with English cast and costumes. Suddenly a curfew was imposed, because of Field-Marshal von Rundstedt's unexpected counter-attack. The Germans began to drop troops, dressed in French and American uniforms, over the Bois de Boulogne. Lots of us thought we might become prisoners that Christmas, so it's one we'll never forget."

GROUP-CAPTAIN DOUGLAS BADER, D.S.O., D.F.C., known as "Tin Legs" Bader, famous legless wartime pilot of R.A.F.: "Christmas 1944, when I was a P.O.W. in the 'bad boys' camp"—we listened to the B.B.C. on a hidden radio and learned the German were being given the whacking of their lives. The boys celebrated on liquor made from raisins which came in a Red Cross parcel, and which we distilled in American powdered—milk tins. The thought that we were to be free again made that Christmas the most memorable."



DENIS COMPTON, English Test batsman: "The best Christmas I have had was spent at Usher's Hotel, Sydney, Christmas 1946, during our tour of Australia. I ate my Christmas dinner in shirtsleeves. It was so hot we didn't think we could manage the turkey and the plum pudding, but then we were told it would be O.K. if we removed our coats. We toasted wives and absent friends."

JACK FRENCH, D.S.M., telegraphist hero of H.M.S. Amethyst: "My most memorable Christmas was spent in South Africa when I was stationed there in the Navy in 1945. I had made friends with people at Kommetjie on the West Coast and with them I spent the homeliest Christmas I had ever had away from home. Despite the heat we had a Christmas tree, turkey, plum pudding, and all the trimmings. It looks as if this Christmas will be my worst. I have to report back from leave on December 22."

GLADYS MONCRIEFF, musical comedy star: "My most memorable Christmas was spent in London in 1925. I was invited to Minnie Love's attractive flat for dinner. It was the first time I had seen pheasant dressed for the table. Among the guests were Australians Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott, and Cedric Hardwicke, so we had a good talk about home. When I left everything outside was covered in snow. It looked absolutely beautiful, and it was my first white Christmas."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE "Merry Christmases" are falling thick and fast this week. Everybody has the gay old wish on their lips.

An inadequate message it seems, at first thought. "Merry" conveys a superficial meaning of mere fun and laughter.

Christmas goes much deeper than that. Its joys are those of feeling more than of frolic.

It is at once the narrowest and widest of festivals. It combines the cosy and the universal.

It is focused on the hearth. It is strengthened by the drawing in of those bonds that tie the family circle so closely together, and is sweetened by the will to give.

As the old familiar rituals are gaily pursued to the last detail there comes a feeling of universal goodwill, unmatched at any other time of the year, a consciousness of joys shared round the world.

This feeling, radiating out from each narrow hearth over the wide seas and into the hearts of countless millions, is what makes "merry" seem not quite strong enough a word. But it is so hallowed by centuries of use that it takes on a special meaning now.

Thank heaven there are few who ask with Scrooge, "What reason have you to be merry?" and who say of Christmas, "Much good it has ever done you!"

This is no season for such cynical questioning. Happily its spirit is irresistible. Pluck at the heart of its mystery as you will, you cannot analyse yourself out of sharing it.

May you be merry too!

SARAH BERNHARDT: Great tragedienne

PERHAPS by fate, perhaps because of her own strange personality, the private life of the great tragic actress, Sarah Bernhardt, seemed always to have conformed to the heroic mould of the women she portrayed on the stage.

She shared the sorrows and despairs of her Phedre, her Floria Tosca, Marguerite Gautier, Fedra, Cleopatra, and Theodora.

An unhappy home, a broken marriage, romantic disappointments, sickness, scandal, betrayal by her friends, and repeated and bitter failures made up the fabric of her troubled life.

Sarah had no talent for comedy on the stage, and likewise the simpler joys of family life and friendship seemed always to elude her.

But if her tragic genius robbed her of happiness, it taught her how to live dramatically and extravagantly.

As well, Sarah Bernhardt possessed indomitable courage, splendid vitality, and unconquerable faith in herself that made her rise always triumphant over obstacles.

These were the qualities which enabled her to devote 60 years of her life to the theatre, and kept her performing until a few months before her death at the age of 78.

Sarah's early ambitions were not towards the stage. The romantic light in which she saw her teachers at her convent-school convinced her at first that she wished to become a nun.

At school, she had an undistinguished record. The only time her name appeared on the honor-roll was when she fished a fellow student out of the pond.

But it was at school that she had her first taste of acting. When the students put on a playlet, "Tobit Recovering His Eyesight," Sarah begged for a part. She was passed over as being "too nervous."

During the performance, the girl who was playing Raphael, the Archangel, became stricken with stage-fright, and Sarah joyfully and successfully filled the breach.

The incident which actually decided her career was typical of the carefree and somewhat unstable atmosphere of her home.

Sarah, who was born on October 23, 1844, was the eldest of three daughters. After she left school, her mother, Julie Bernard (Sarah changed the spelling later), sought the advice of some of the influential people who came to their house on how her daughter should be provided for.

Sarah's future became the subject of a protracted discussion, and for one gentleman, the Duc de Morny, evidently a very boring one,

FAMOUS WOMEN

for in the end he exclaimed impatiently: "Send her to the Conservatoire."

Accordingly, Sarah, who had attended only one stage performance in her life and hadn't liked it much, was sent to become an actress.

Her two and a half years at the Conservatoire were probably the happiest and most tranquil in her entire life.

Her first stage appearance, at the French National Theatre, the Comedie-Francaise, on August 10, 1862, was in Racine's "Iphigene en Aulide," and she was moderately successful.

Sarah Bernhardt's greatest disadvantage in the early years of her career was her appearance. Her figure was painfully thin, and she was self-conscious about this. Dumas the Elder declared that she looked "like a broomstick."

Sarah progressed slowly at the Comedie, and her first taste of fame did not come as the result of acting at all.

At the annual festival in honor of Moliere, it was the custom for all members of the company to approach the statue of the great dramatist two by two and pay their homage.

As the actors and actresses pressed about Moliere's statue, Madame Nathalie, then the leading tragedienne at the theatre, pushed against Sarah's young sister, Regina, who was in the crowd.

Sarah declared that Madame Nathalie's action had been deliberate, and she slapped her face.

The Press gave this diversion to the solemn proceedings a good deal

She reigned as an actress for sixty years, and her name has become a legend

of publicity, and the theatre cancelled Sarah's contract.

In despair, Bernhardt ran away to Spain with her friend, Madame Guerd.

She returned home only when she received a message that her mother was ill.

Julie Bernard's sickness was the cause of a reconciliation between mother and daughter, who had not been on friendly terms for some years.

Back in Paris, Sarah concentrated more on social life than on her profession.

She became associated with the Belgian nobleman, the Prince de Ligne, and on December 22, 1864, she gave birth to her only child, Maurice. There was always a tender bond between mother and child, and Maurice in later years was a most loyal and devoted son.

At all times in her life, Sarah Bernhardt was surrounded by ad-



SARAH BERNHARDT as a young girl. She acted until she was 77.

miring or ambitious people, and nobody could judge who of the men who flocked about her were her lovers and who were merely her friends.

However, no man ever conquered her whole heart, or won her away for long from her first love, the theatre.

Soon after Maurice's birth she was back at work. She joined the Odeon Theatre, and played a series of unsuitable parts. She was kept on only because one of the directors, M. Duquesnel, paid her salary out of his own money.

However, Duquesnel's faith was justified, for Sarah secured one of her greatest triumphs in 1869 in Francois Coppee's "Le Passant."

It was at the Odeon, too, that Sarah met the two people—whom she admired most of all the famous people she met during her life. They were the aged but still fascinating George Sand and Victor Hugo, who was the first person to speak about Bernhardt's "golden voice."

In 1872 Sarah played the Spanish Queen in Hugo's "Ruy Blas," and her success opened the way for her to return to the Comedie-Francaise.

However, her second term at the Comedie was filled with as many disappointments as her first, and she finally decided in disgust to quit the stage altogether.

She went to Brittany to study sculpture, and there went through a long period of black despair. It was only a mere chance that ever brought her back to the stage.

Madame Roussel, the leading actress at the Comedie, quarrelled with the management, and Sarah was called on at the last moment to take over the part of Phedre.

Her first appearance in this role on December 21, 1874, was a wonderful success. The Press unanimously praised her, her doubts were

dispelled, and she had achieved her greatest ambition—to play this part by her favorite dramatist, Racine. She felt she had reached the top-most point in French classical drama.

Bernhardt then built herself a home in the Avenue de Villiers and surrounded herself with a gay assortment of bohemian friends.

At this time she was rumored to be suffering from tuberculosis. Either she made a miraculous recovery, or, more probably, the stories were false.

Sarah began to gain a reputation for eccentricity. Her clothes, her house, her whole mode of life, were displeasing to more conventional minds.

Vicious tongues did not stop at accusing her of eccentricity. Secret vices were attributed to her, and a rumor spread through Paris that she had set fire to her home to collect the insurance.

At the Paris Exposition of 1878, she got into one of the scrapes which made her unpopular with the staid management of the Comedie.

She went up in a balloon and entertained a party of friends at an elaborate luncheon aloft. For this escapade she was fined by the directors of the theatre.

Continued on page 22

Reconstruction of the Crucifixion

BY examining biblical, historical and physical data surrounding the long-disputed Shroud of Turin, E. S. Madden, a Melbourne man, has reconstructed the Crucifixion of Christ.

He says that Christ's three-hour agony was inflicted by masters of the art of torture.

Madden depends mainly on the Shroud of Turin to dispute popular beliefs about the Crucifixion. This shroud cannot be traced back farther than 1353, but scientific evidence supports the theory that it is at least 1900 years old.

It bears a life-size photographic negative of a man who had been crowned with thorns, beaten and nailed through the wrists on a cross. This negative is not a miracle and can be explained scientifically.

Madden's reconstruction of the Crucifixion, told in A.M. for December, now on sale, says that by nailing Christ through the wrists his Roman executioners inflicted the maximum agony.

A.M., the national monthly, is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

BY GUS





GENERAL'S DAUGHTER. Ann Berryman and her fiance, Bill Wills, photographed in grounds of Victoria Barracks. Ann is only daughter of Lieut-General and Mrs. F. H. Berryman, and Bill is only son of Brigadier and Mrs. K. A. Wills, of Adelaide.



MILITARY WEDDING. Col. Don Jackson and his bride, formerly Anita Urquhart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Urquhart, of Woorrough, Seymour, leave St. John's Church, Toorak, Melbourne, with their attendants, Wing-Commander Bill McFadden (left), Major David Jackson, Major Reg Wise, Dawn Jackson, Angela McFarlane, Athol Adams. Don is elder son of Mrs. Jackson, of Elizabeth Bay, and of the late Major-General R. E. Jackson.



SYDNEY BRIDE. Judy Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Williams, Double Bay, and Tony Abbott, son of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Abbott, of Wayville, leaving St. Peter's College Chapel, Attendants, bride's sister Helen, and cousin, Isabel Kidman, Derek Abbott, and Frank Frolch. Reception at Eringa, Adelaide home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidman.



TRAVELLERS. Anne Forster (right) returns to Armidale after twelve months' holiday abroad. With her are engaged couple, Cynthia Robins and Gerald Ward, who travel to New Zealand, where they join Cynthia's mother. They hope to be married in Christchurch in January.

Intimate Greetings

NOW that Christmas Week is upon us, all those lucky people who can escape the rigors of Sydney's sizzling months of January and February are preparing to go to the sea breezes where they can laze and really be "in the swim."

All along the coast on our golden beaches young and old alike take the plunge into the stimulating briny and relax beneath the rays of old Sol.

Terrigal and Palm Beach are still favorites with many people who go to these two places year after year. Some make the trek from their homes before Christmas, but many leave it until Boxing Day or early in the New Year before they take up their seaside residence.

THOUGH lots of people won't open their homes until after Christmas Day, there'll be seething activity on the Palm Beach front. Members of Palm Beach Country Club will be able to dispense with all the worry of their Christmas catering and have a cold poultry buffet luncheon at the club-house or a four-course hot Christmas dinner at night.

A Christmas party will be held at the Pacific Club on Boxing Day.

On New Year's Eve the Palm Beach Surf Life-saving Club's New Year's Eve dance will be held.

The Coles' daughters, Coral and Bev, will hostess a buffet dinner party before the dance. Mrs. Coles tells me their family has grown this year, as they will have Coral's fiancee, Pete Glanville, and their son Ken's fiancee, Helen Goddard, with them.

"**WE** don't have organised parties at Terrigal," attractive Jennifer Street, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Street, tells me. "Someone just happens to have a party and everyone just arrives." The Streets will go off to the Terrigal home just after Christmas and will spend three weeks away.

THRILL for the Barnes family, who plan big family Christmas party at their spacious home at Palm Beach when they learn that their daughter Moira will arrive on Christmas Night when she flies in from the West after arriving from overseas.

"**WHAT** would we do without verandahs?" exclaims Carol Forbes, of Neutral Bay, who is off to Terrigal with her parents, the W. M. Forbes, and brother Pat for three weeks on January 10. Formidable number on list of house guests invited to Forbes' home, so think house must have elastic sides as well as verandahs. Young people invited include Rachel Williams; Morna White, of Belltrees; Scope; Dinah Fielding Jones; Alison and Anne Hoskins, of Wollongong; Bob Fay; Frances Horton Browne, of Young; Ann Milson, of Canberra; and June McEwan, of Wellington.

FORTY guests attend dance given by Col. and Mrs. de Meyrick, which is held as pre-Christmas party and also as farewell for Col. and Mrs. M. F. Brogan, of Dudley Park, Narellan. Couple sail this Saturday (Christmas Eve) in Orion with their two small sons, Edward and Daryl. It will be Mrs. Brogan's first visit to England, but her husband has been there before. The de Meyricks' son, Bill, and daughter-in-law, Betty de Meyrick, helped entertain guests.

PRE-LUNCHEON parties on two following Sunday mornings is happy choice of Dr. and Mrs. Alan Frost, of Bellevue Hill, to wish their friends a happy Christmas. Among guests at first party were Colonel and Mrs. A. L. Nyman, who were saying good-bye to their Sydney friends as Colonel Nyman has been transferred to Victoria Barracks, Melbourne. He left the same evening for his new appointment. Mrs. Nyman and her two schoolboy sons will follow him as soon as they can exchange their Sydney home for one in Melbourne. Their third son, Beresford, who is a cadet at Duntroon, will spend his leave with his family in their new home.

MORE than 60 guests, entertained at buffet Sunday luncheon party at the Eric Cadells, at Merrigula, Tambar Springs, when their daughter, Moina, who has just returned from a trip abroad, announced her engagement to Ron Campbell. Ron is younger son of Mr. A. J. Campbell, of Rockedgicel, Quirindi, and of the late Mrs. Campbell. Flash of solitary diamond greets friends who offer Moina, their felicitations. Guest from Sydney for occasion was Rosemary Steele, who usually stays with the Cadells at Terrigal.



ORION PASSENGERS Mrs. Ian Potter (left), who returns to her home in South Yarra, Victoria, and Sally Bragg, who comes from Aberdeen, N.S.W., and intends to train as a Karitane nurse. Mrs. Potter has travelled extensively in England, Scotland, and on the Continent, and Sally has been overseas for about three months.



HELEN KELLER HOSTEL. Mr. T. M. Scott (left), with Mrs. T. B. Heffer, Mrs. Keith Martin, and Mrs. Newman Gandon at official opening of Helen Keller Hostel for Blind Women, Woolahra. Mrs. Heffer and Mrs. Gandon are members of Bank of N.S.W. auxiliary, which undertook to equip kitchens. Mrs. Martin selected furnishings.



OPENING NIGHT. Mrs. Beryl Ross (left) with her sister, Mrs. Ken McCutchie, attends first night of "Macbeth," presented by Stratford-upon-Avon players at the Tivoli Theatre. Players will leave for Brisbane on Christmas Day, and have their Christmas dinner in the air.

Give mother a holiday, too!



Save time!
Save work!
Save money!
and

Make Heinz famous ready-to-serve foods your holiday standby—just heat and eat! Let mother have a real rest from cooking meals. Heinz will satisfy those hungry appetites every day.

Eat well -
buy HEINZ
57 Varieties

HEINZ Perfect Soups
HEINZ Baked Beans
HEINZ Spaghetti
HEINZ Green Peas
HEINZ 57 Sauce



Other varieties:—
Heinz Green Tomato Relish,
Tomato Sauce, Fresh Cucumber Relish

H40/18

TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
**Knock
out**



T

HE Colonel added sternly, "Not that you don't deserve it, mind," and, laying a hand on the shoulder of each, led them in firmly through the front door.

"Now sit down! Sit down, I said. And blow your noses, and tell me the meaning of all this."

Balancing on the edge of the chair, Marta choked hard and managed, "The bin fell down. Out came the papers."

"Um! That dog, I'll be bound!" glowered the Colonel.

"Oh, please, please, he didn't mean it. Please don't boil him," wailed Ans. "You see, that was how we found it."

"Found what?" demanded the Colonel.

"Your ticket," said Marta. "First prize have you won . . . Please let him go."

The old gentleman looked hard at their tear-stained faces. "And how do you know I've won first prize?" he asked.

"Our ticket was for 12," wavered Ans. "The first prize ticket—that one—for 121. That is how we remember."

"Um! Lost by a head, eh?" growled the Colonel. And he began to chuckle as if savoring some strange joke.

Ans and Marta eyed him anxiously.

"Jaap found the ticket," hinted Marta shakily. "So, please, sir, let him go."

Double Dutch

Continued from page 4

"Eh? What? Yes, yes, of course," said the astonishing Colonel. "In fact, I think he'd better keep it."

They stared at him, mute, breathless. There was no doubt he was laughing again!

"Perhaps I'd better let you into a secret," he went on. "As a matter of fact I gave that first prize myself, and now it seems I've won it back again. So perhaps the best thing is for you and Jaap to help me get rid of it again."

"Sir," said Marta, and sought for the right, adequate, word. "You are . . . splendid, most splendid and good!"

Early on Christmas morning Tanta Isabel sat gazing at a square squat parcel still unopened among the festive litter spilling all over the breakfast table.

"Open it! Open it!" shrieked Ans and Marta, capering in wild excitement.

Tanta Isabel gently shook the parcel. A faint tinkling answered her.

"No!" she cried. "I can't believe it! It just can't be . . ." and she tore open the careful wrappings.

There it stood, the First, the Beloved, Prize—a lovely old musical-box with delicately carved wooden sides and a shining handle of wrought silver.

"Wind it up," implored Marta.

"Three times it plays! Three Christmas tunes!"

Slowly, reverently, Tanta Isabel turned the little handle. And presently there came the silvery rapture of tiny bells chiming, "While shepherds watched," very high and sweet and crystal-clear.

At that very moment the Colonel, flinging open his front door on a snow-white world, nearly fell over a large box on his doorstep.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "What on earth's this?"

He flung back the wrappings. Inside was a giant box of bright pink bon-bons. On top of them lay a greeting, a mysterious greeting, in true Dutch style.

kindest Sir
From three friends, who hold you dear,
Comes this gift that you find here.
Merry Christmas to you we say,
Joy to you both night and day.
(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.

WORTH Reporting

SEARCHING frantically the other lunch-hour for what we considered elegant yet appropriate Christmas cards, we came upon one that represented Father Christmas piloting an aircraft of advanced design.

This set us, on our return to the office, investigating the whole matter of the Christmas-card habit.

The English-speaking Christmas-card industry, our researches disclosed, was sponsored by Sir Henry Cole—launcher of both the Great Exhibition and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

At first his novelty seemed doomed to failure. Each card had to be produced by hand and only a thousand copies could be issued. It wasn't until the 1860's that it became possible to produce cards in sufficient quantities to make them a paying proposition.

In one very famous picture from a Victorian Christmas card there is the family group with glasses of wine in hand. Grandfather is facing the recipient, toasting him with an intonation that prevents him from seeing that a young man has his arm round a granddaughter's waist, while the youngest grandchild is being egged on by a ten-year-old to take a rather too heavy swig of port.

Though it was Charles Dickens, we found, who first successfully popularised Christmas cards, it took Queen Victoria, with her love of the sentimental, to give them the stamp of warm Victorian approval.

Edwardian Christmas cards were as overcrowded as Edwardian drawing-rooms. Covered with robins, stage coaches, layers of thick, silvery frosting, and Father Christmases with scarlet fabric robes edged with cotton-wool, they were tied with elaborate fancy cords.

Perhaps it was some subconscious longing for these that made us, the day after seeing the Father Christmas aeroplane example, go out and buy a box of cards perfectly sickening in their corny, carol-singing, good cheer.

They seemed to us at least Christmasy.



"Frankly, I got them for Christmas."

GOADED beyond endurance by the fusillade of crackles and rustlings coming from the seat behind during the screening of an absorbing film, someone we know turned to quieten the offender. She found the woman behind sitting placidly playing and pinning long streamers of paper for Christmas decorations while she rapily watched the film.

The didjeridoo stumps Professor Einstein

WE mentioned recently the correspondence carried on between Professor Albert Einstein and Mrs. F. V. McKenzie, of Sydney. On receipt of an ancient aboriginal musical instrument, a didjeridoo, flown by B.G.P.A. from Mrs. McKenzie last month, the professor added to the growing correspondence by writing:

"First I tried it, without success, using it like a flute, then like a trumpet—but with no satisfactory results. Then I tried it with singing, while tightly pressing the opening of the tube against the surroundings of my mouth, and discovered indeed startling resonance effects in certain regions of pitch, and I concluded tentatively that this might be the way the instrument is used. I should be grateful if you could tell me better."

Mrs. McKenzie is now trying to get recordings of authentic didjeridoo music to send the professor.

Teenage Jive Clubs in three States

A TIE-PRESSER by day, milk-bar attendant in a suburban dance-hall by night, Betty Armstrong finds time at week-ends to play a prominent part in conducting the weekly meetings of the newly formed N.S.W. Jive Club.

Its aim, she says, is to keep teenage boys and girls off the streets by giving them three hours' jitterbugging to a sextet specialising in such numbers as "Candy Stall Blues" and "Hi Barbareebop."

Once a month the club invites its 150 members to bring their parents. No alcohol is allowed, but soft drinks are sold within the hall.

The club's president, 22-year-old Milton Mitchell, holder of the world's endurance jive championship of 24 hours, formed the Queensland Jive Club, which meets nightly in Brisbane and has 2000 members. The Melbourne Club, formed some four months ago, meets three nights weekly.

"To carry out our object it will be necessary for us to be open every night, and as soon as we can get clubrooms of our own, we will be," Betty Armstrong said. "As further attractions we plan both a record and book library."

Joining fee is 2/6, a further half-crown being charged for a badge. More boys than girls are among the members, who come from most Sydney suburbs. All carry a special club identity card. When something impresses them favorably they say, "It's mighty." The fashionable term of condemnation is to say, "It's weak."

OUR devotion to string bags as a necessary, though unglamorous, appendage to every-day life has never wavered. Certainly we never regarded them as being in the least likely to involve anyone in an unseemly incident. But in the Christmas shopping rush we saw a woman's bag become so tangled with the sleeve buttons of a strange man that before the pair were free to continue their separate ways a policeman had to move on the crowd of onlookers.



until summer is nearly over, and swelter day and night

INSULATE

your home NOW with

B.I. SLAGWOOL

No house, home, office or building is modern and entirely healthy unless it is insulated—preferably with B.I. SLAGWOOL.

BRADFORD
B.I. Insulation

Phones: Sydney BX5584, Melbourne MU3390, Brisbane B5604, Adelaide C1337, Perth L3167.

BIC 10

You can be **REGULAR**

and build
yourself
UP
without
medicines



Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural
LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD, BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. Today's soft, mushy, overcooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination... no medicines needed.

Health Food
Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! It is a natural source of Vitamins

B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Niacin for the skin and iron for the blood. It not only relieves constipation, but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Delicious This Way
Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN*
*Registered Trade Mark

"FAMILY DINNERS"—our new cookery book

Specially designed for those who have been waiting for a cookery book that takes the worry out of planning meals, "Family Dinners," The Australian Women's Weekly new cookery book, lavishly illustrated, is now on sale.

THE great advantage of "Family Dinners" over cookery books made up of separate recipes is that scientific planning has gone into every menu.

Each dish chosen is selected for its special food balance in the menu in which it figures. This ensures the utmost in appearance, variety, and real nourishment.

Obtainable at all newsagents and bookstalls, "Family Dinners" is priced 2/-. In its 64 pages there are 50 separate summer and winter menus.

A large portion has been devoted to attractive and reasonably priced meals for households of two, four, and six people. All the menus were prizewinners in our recent £3000 cookery contest.

Summer week-day dinners are given for two adults, four adults, and six adults. Special Sunday dinners are given for the same numbers, and a group of top-of-the-stove dinners for a family of six. Attractive and nourishing winter dinners are planned for the same groups, with special oven dinners for six-in-the-family units.

All home cooks will welcome the portion devoted to fish as main dish recipes. This is one of the tasty yet simple recipes included:

BAKED FISH WITH TOMATO STUFFING

One bream, snapper, or flathead, 1 cup white breadcrumbs or crushed breakfast cereal, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs.

Wash and trim the fish. If the head is left on remove eyes. Rub fish inside and out with lemon and place on thickly greased baking-dish. Make seasoning by combining all ingredients, binding with beaten egg. Place half seasoning in the body of the fish and remainder on top. Cover with greased paper and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric), allowing 8 minutes to each pound of fish, or until the flesh is white and flaky. Garnish with sliced cucumber and sprigs of cress.



FLUFFY OMELET filled with corn and spaghetti, topped with onion and parsley. Recipe is given with other omelet recipes in "Family Dinners."

A really glamorous section deals with party menus. Dealt with separately and fully is a celebration dinner, an engagement party, a buffet dinner, and a barbecue supper party for 25 guests.

Though all the ingredients are readily obtainable, and not unduly expensive for a party, the dishes are delectable in appearance.

All were consolation prize-winners in our contest.

Three separate sections have been contributed by our food and cookery experts. An invaluable guide to every young housewife is the one devoted to vegetable cookery.

"Family Dinners" includes hints on outdoor cooking, oven temperatures, accurate measurements, the kitchen, and tea and coffee making.

Sarah Bernhardt

Continued from page 18

Flair for

fashion...



What is that quality which makes heads turn in the street... starts conversation among strangers? Style, sophistication, charm—a certain 'aura' which surrounds one woman, leaving another in shadow... But elegance is not heaven-sent. It means hard work—a passion for perfection in every smallest detail.

EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

★ For example, when choosing a dress fabric, it is not enough for it to be labelled 'crease-resisting'. In this detail also, quality counts. No fabric is uncrushable, but all fabrics marked **TEBILIZED** resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

SARAH, then 34, was at her most beautiful.

She had forgotten her dissatisfaction with her thin figure, and had developed a most graceful carriage. She had a small, Madonna-like face, modified in profile by her Jewish origin and red-gold hair. In conversation she was charming and brilliantly witty.

It is difficult, now that personal recollections of Bernhardt at the height of her powers have grown dim, to judge what marked her out from countless other actresses and made her name a legend. She possessed on the stage an inexhaustible source of controlled emotion and an extraordinary vitality.

But it was impossible to dissect her genius. There was about her an indefinable, magical something.

"You would know a scene of Bernhardt's if you met it in your dreams," wrote James Agate, the English critic, who was one of her greatest admirers.

"It is better," Agate wrote also, "to see Bernhardt in the worst of her Toscas and Fedoras than any other living actress in no matter what masterpiece of the classic stage."

For many the most enchanting feature of her acting was her voice.

"It is melancholy to think," wrote another Englishman, W. T. Arnold, of her Phedre, "that a hundred years hence no one will know how Madame Bernhardt used to say these verses."

Soon becoming dissatisfied with her progress in Paris, Madame Bernhardt embarked on the first of her journeys, which made her the most travelled actress of her century.

She made her first visit to England. One of the first people to greet her was Oscar Wilde, who later wrote "Salome" for her.

Although her stage appearances in London were successful, the most extraordinary rumors were spread about her personal life.

In 1880, after extensive tours on the Continent, she went to America, where she opened at Booth's Theatre, a kind of Variety house. In the United States, tongues wagged freely about Sarah's "immorality," and many ladies held meetings to decide how to protect their husbands and sons from her.

But slander troubled Sarah not a jot, and at no time in her career did she alter her manners or morals to conform to the standard which others proposed for her.

It was in America that she successfully created one of her most famous roles, Marguerite Gautier, in "La Dame Aux Camelias."

On its return to Europe, Madame Bernhardt's company was joined by a young Greek, Aristide Damala, who was extremely handsome and dashing, but a mediocre actor.

To the complete surprise of her friends and fellow-workers, Sarah fell head over heels in love with Damala. Despite her previous disinclination for marriage, she decided that it would be the best way to keep Aristide always at her side.

For religious and other reasons, marriage on the Continent was impossible, so the pair rushed from Trieste, where the company was playing, to London.

On April 4, 1882, Sarah, then 38, married Aristide, who was 27.

However, within a few months Damala deserted Sarah, and, rather unimaginatively, joined a foreign regiment in Africa.

The actress soon found a new admirer and began working very hard for the opening of her Theatre Ambigu, but her pride was severely hurt.

Eventually she asked Damala for a divorce. But in 1887, Aristide, who had been taking opium to cure

• Sarah Bernhardt published her memoirs under the title "My Double Life." Among her biographers are G. G. Keller, Reynaldo Hahn, and Maurice Baring (all under the title "Sarah Bernhardt") and May Agate ("Madame Sarah").

neuralgia, came to her in complete destitution. She took him into her home and, after his suicide two years later, mourned his death.

Sarah's ventures at her new theatre were largely successful. She created the roles of Floria Tosca and Fedora in Sardou's plays with brilliant and polished artistry.

Interspersed with her Paris appearances were several tours, including one to South America.

In 1891 she came to Australia on what was perhaps the longest and most strenuous tour of her career. In 15 months she gave 395 performances.

Her visit to this country was most successful, and the French company was a new and wonderful experience for Australian theatregoers.

From some quarters came the usual complaint that Sarah Bernhardt showed only the seamy side of life, but her greatest triumph in Australia was in Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc."

Her personal baggage, to the astonishment of a reporter in search of a story, included "a St. Bernard dog, a pug-dog, a native bear, cages of possums, parrots, and other unconsidered trifles."

When she returned to Paris she met a new and interesting playwright, Edmond Rostand, and appeared in his "La Princesse Lointaine" and "L'Aiglon."

One of Madame Bernhardt's most startling ventures was her appearance as Hamlet in Paris and later at Stratford on Avon. Although critics applauded her interpretation, photographs of this tiny middle-aged woman in the garb of the young Prince of Denmark appear slightly comical.

In 1904, Sarah Bernhardt published her memoirs. They are a vivid and interesting patchwork of her experiences. Reticent about her private life, she speaks frankly about her stage appearances.

Her criticisms of her fellow-actors are extraordinarily objective and free from personal spite.

Nevertheless, she could brook no rivals. When Eleanor Duse, at the age of 46, appeared in "La Dame aux Camelias," Sarah, who was 60, revived the play herself, and eclipsed Duse's performance.

When war broke out in 1914 and her beloved France was threatened, Sarah's long-delayed old age seemed to set in at last.

The next year she was forced to have a leg amputated.

She appeared on the stage nine months after her operation in "La Cathedrale," in a part which did not require movement, and then left for America on a strenuous tour, collecting war funds for France.

At this time, too, she made a silent film, in which she played the part of Queen Elizabeth.

Part of this film is still preserved in New York, but the remainder has been irrevocably lost.

Despite age and illness, her spirit never wavered. In 1922, then 77, she toured the French provinces. In six weeks she gave 48 performances in 32 towns, a feat which might make many young and healthy actresses quail.

But her end was near. Close friends said that in her last illness life seemed to ebb gently from her.

On March 26, 1923, her maid ran from the actress' bedroom, crying, "Madame is dead," and the curtain had gone down on France's beloved tragedienne.

Interesting People



COMMANDER I. L. M. McGEOCH
in charge of submarines

WINNER of the D.S.O. and D.S.C., Commander Ian McGEOCH, here to take charge of the Fourth Submarine Flotilla, Balmoral, Sydney, has a fine war record. Commanding the submarine *Splendid* in the Mediterranean, he sank nearly 40,000 tons of shipping before being taken prisoner and later escaping in disguise. Entering the R.N. as a cadet, Commander McGEOCH is the first of his family to follow a Navy career. He is a sailing enthusiast, and says good conversation and meeting people are what he likes best.

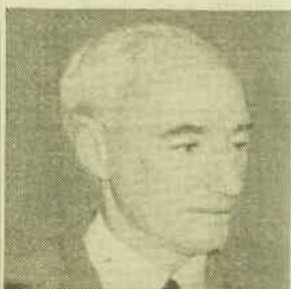


MRS. SARA PHILCOX

Australian-trained director

NEW Director of the Occupational

Therapy Training Centre, Sydney, Mrs. Sara Philcox will combine English with American methods in the two-and-a-half-year course beginning next year for 28 students. For the past three years senior occupational therapist for N.S.W., she is a graduate of Australia's first organised course. Says qualities needed are an ideal of service, well-balanced personality capable of easy adjustment, initiative, sense of humor, and imagination.



DR. C. E. COOK

Canberra appointment

SPOKEN of as "the best-informed person on leprosy in Australia," outspoken 52-year-old Dr. C. E. Cook, formerly W.A. State Health Commissioner, has been appointed a senior medical officer at Canberra. In 1935 he was awarded the C.B.E. for work in the Northern Territory as Chief Protector of Aborigines and chief medical officer, and the Cilento medal for work among the native races. Before joining the Army Medical Corps in 1941, he had been Lecturer in Tropical Medicine at Sydney University. Before leaving Perth, Dr. Cook was on the R.S.L. State executive.

HAZEL



BUTCH



"I think it would be kinda nice, Slug, if we made our own Christmas cards this year."

It seems to me . . .

THE feverish glitter you see in the eyes of wage-earners as they watch the postman's approach these mornings isn't because of expectations of rich gifts from sisters, cousins, and aunts.

What they're looking for is a refund cheque, they hope, from the dear old income tax department.

Promises that a large number will be out before Christmas, just in time to save the financial bacon, have increased the monthly accounts of many an optimistic credit customer.

To the improvident the hazard has some aspects of a lottery. Unless you're a wizard with figures you don't know how much you'll get. But lottery organisations don't dash your optimism with a bill.



Dorothy Drain

A WOMAN I know has a talent for collecting diverting incidents. Other people go out shopping or to the ends of the earth and return with nothing worth the telling, but she never comes back from the shortest excursion without something worth repeating having happened in her vicinity.

True to form, she provides this season's Christmas shopping anecdote. She was in the soft-furnishings department of a big shop when she noticed a harassed salesman and an anxious female customer manipulating long pieces of string.

The salesman was telling the customer that she should have taken the window measurements for curtains with a ruler, and the customer was explaining hysterically that she couldn't find a foot rule, let alone a three-foot rule, in her house, and that the pieces of string would have to serve as guides for the new curtains.

Oh, well, the salesman indicated, he could only hope for the best, and, leaving the strings on the counter, they moved over to a display table to inspect some material. A minute later they returned. The strings had vanished. Pandemonium broke out.

Nobody had a solution until a junior salesgirl appeared. Yes, she had seen the string lying on the counter. A foreign gentleman laden with parcels had passed by. When his eye lit on the string, he had snatched it up with glad cries, tied several of his parcels together with it, and swept off.

IT was suggested in Britain lately that as a plan to encourage production for exports to America, exporters may be allowed to have some of the resultant dollars to spend in any way they like.

This seems a good idea. Exporters' wives with their eyes on American luxury goods would very likely do their share of nagging to help the export drive. To be really effective, the plan ought to extend to some dollar bonuses for workers.

THE National Association of Retail Ice Cream Manufacturers in America suggests that strawberry ice-cream be served with bacon and eggs or with fish. Members say that the combination is tasty "after the initial astonishment is overcome."

If you want to be smart and modern, never betray surprise,

Control the lifting eyebrow, suppress the startled cries, If you're given fish with ice-cream instead of sauce tartare,

Just murmur, "How delicious," don't react with an oafish stare,

Like stuffy, old-fashioned people, who always put eggs with ham,

And reach for the mint the moment that anyone mentions lamb.

Be dashing, be subtle, be daring, serve oysters floating in tea,

Shallots diced fine in the custard, let fancy roam quite free,

To vary the Christmas pudding, use gherkins and olives to stud;

Whatever your guests may call you, it won't be a stick-in-the-mud.

SOME useless recriminations are going on in America about the sending of atomic materials to Russia in 1943.

It is impossible to judge what happened in 1943 by feelings of what is advisable in 1949.

Most people were glad enough then that Germany's attack had made Russia an ally.

Winning the war would have taken a good deal longer if Germany hadn't had Russia to cope with — if, indeed, it could have been won at all. It was natural to hope that the alliance with Russia was a beautiful friendship which would continue after the war was won.

The witch-hunt now for mistakes which may have been made then — and who knows for what reciprocal advantage? — is as foolish as to bewail the fact that the British long ago helped train the Japanese Navy.

THERE'S a new international trade group being formed between Britain and the Scandinavian countries called "Uniscan."

I suppose that its inventor hit on this combination of United and Scandinavia after some tiring juggling with the initials of Britain, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and was disappointed at producing something so simple.

Some of the names made up from initials for organisations are so complex these days that I shouldn't be surprised if someone, just for the heck of it, decided to use a title that didn't mean anything at all.

I once met an American whose middle initial didn't stand for anything. His parents thought that no one would ever use the name, anyhow, so simply called him James R. Jones.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 24, 1949

With exciting
new models—
there's a **Biro**
for everybody . . .

In time for Xmas giving . . . handsome new members of the famous Biro family . . . the New Biro, the Biromatic and Biro de Luxe, the Presentation Pen.
Select your gifts from the Biro British Ball Point Pen Family.

For the ladies, choose Biorette, 15/-
Everybody finds Biro Minors
endlessly useful — red, green, blue, or black, 6/-



THE BRITISH
BALL POINT PEN **Biro**

Pat. No. 122073, 8 Dec., 1943 Pat. No. 133163, 31 Dec., 1943 2/4

**WISE
WIFE
AND MOTHER**



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION

AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM

"I come from a family where internal cleanliness has always been our best health assurance—each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to get my husband to do likewise. But he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone until recently he began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. Only then was I able to convince him I was right. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen, gradually reducing the dose. This completely relieved him of the pains. Now, I'm happy to say, we are a family of 'Kruschen regulars'."

KRUSCHEN SALTS WILL CLEANSE YOUR SYSTEM!

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's skillful combination of six natural salts stimulates the liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. Your body is thus naturally freed of poisonous wastes and your bloodstream becomes purified of the factors that can cause painful rheumatic ailments.

KRUSCHEN SALTS
2/6 a bottle
Chemists & Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

MEDICINAL DOSE

Sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders take a heaped spoonful in a tumbler of hot water daily before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE"

As an invigorating tonic put as much Kruschen as would cover a shipsize in your first morning cup of tea or coffee. Taken that way, Kruschen Salts are fastidious.

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!

K20.37

Country church transformed by modern decor

Twenty-five families form congregation



WORSHIPPERS in the Prince of Peace Church. The picture shows the modern reredos, designed to match the Georgian windows.

By FRED A YOUNG, staff reporter

Exceptionally large Christmas congregations are expected at the little Prince of Peace Church at Lobethal, S.A., this week.

The church has been the focus of great interest since it became one of the first old churches in Australia to have a colorful, modern decor.

FOR its first half century this church, formerly the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Manger of Christ, belonged to a breakaway faction from the two other Lutheran Churches of the town.

But when its last parishioner left in 1916, the Church of England bought the property. People associated with it in those early days are among its keenest workers now, and are prime-movers in the redecoration. The parishioners number 25 families.

Lobethal (Valley of Praise), 38 miles from Adelaide and prettily situated at the end of a winding, picturesque road flanked by orchards and market gardens, is world-famed for the manufacture of Onkaparinga rugs. It is also a rich dairying and potato-growing district, and now it has a new distinction with its modernised church.

Rev. Norman C. Paynter, who has been rector of the Prince of Peace Church for three years, says he always found its interior depressing. The fittings were drab and ugly in design, and the windows were painted over with several coats of frosting and white and blue paint. No one liked it, he said.

So he got into a huddle with a friend, a young Victorian artist, John Ashworth, who has made Adelaide his adopted home.

When John saw the beautifully shaped Georgian windows, he found a key to the redecoration scheme.

He designed a new reredos and altar in color, and these were submitted to the parishioners, who liked the idea immensely and pledged themselves to raise the wherewithal to put it into effect. A start was made a few months ago.

The parishioners formed working-bees, removed the ugly deal fittings, scraped and dissolved the paint from the windows—a real labor of love—painted the floors, cleaned up the walls, then the artist took over.

The reredos is 12ft. high, 9ft. wide, with arched top similar to the

windows, and is lacquered a soft pastel green. Down its centre is a wide burgundy tapestry panel of like design, with two smaller ones at the sides.

The same tapestry forms a curtain in front of the new, simply designed cedar altar, which has a flat top, straight sides, and a base streamlined in gold.

The altar was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Adelaide, Bishop B. P. Robin.

The walls of the church are cream, with grey dado at the altar end where the burgundy-stained floor is partly covered with a plain matching silver-grey Wilton carpet. There is a dark wooden barrel ceiling from which hang lights with modern parchment shades, some all white, the altar ones being edged with burgundy fringe.

In the baptistry, in the rear end

of the church, will shortly be placed a Clifford Last piece of contemporary sculpture of the Madonna and Child.

The last word in modern interpretation, it stands about 4ft. high, is of elm, and so cleverly carved and polished that the wood grain provides the flowing lines of the Madonna's robes. Unorthodox, but deeply inspiring.

Later, John Ashworth hopes to replace the plain glass of the millioned windows with plate glass, each deep etched in simple lines to represent biblical personalities.

Later on, too, extensions will be made to give a new and arresting look to the front of the church; and, incidentally, to provide a separate baptistry where the Madonna, surmounted by a small, round plate-glass window, will then face the entrance door.

Part of the decoration for festivals will be float-bowls packed with gay blooms on all the low window-sills, and artists' pieces of modern pottery, flower-filled, beside the altar. In

summer the windows will be shaded by striped canvas sun-blinds.

Among the leaders of the renovation movement are Mr. and Mrs. Ben Klose. Their interest is a long-dated one, as Mrs. Klose's mother, Mrs. H. P. A. (Susannah) Thiele, was among the original purchasers of the church, to which she gave a valuable pair of hand-cut brass candlesticks, estimated at 200 years old.

The handsome cross on the altar was the gift of another original member, Mr. F. B. Pullaine.

Mrs. Klose is president of the Women's Guild, which undertook to raise the money, and Mr. Klose has been a generous giver. They recently held a garden fete at their home at Lobethal, which netted £90 for the fund.

Another daughter of the late Mrs. Thiele, Mrs. Jack Anderson, and her husband gave the new altar, which is dedicated to Mrs. Thiele.

Other splendid workers are Mrs. P. Wittke, secretary of the Women's Guild, and Mrs. S. Smoker, who made the burgundy tapestry draperies.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Michael, who are among the senior members of the congregation, have provided the



THANKSGIVING at end of service shows the rector kneeling before one of the Georgian windows.



JOHN ASHWORTH (right), artist who designed the new decor, shows Clifford Last's Madonna and Child sculpture to Mr. Ben Klose, one of prime movers in redecoration.

Our Cover

ON our cover this week is a picture taken last Christmas by staff photographer Clive Thompson of his fair-haired son Gregory, enjoying his first Christmas morning. His cot had been piled with toys while he slept, and when he awoke his eyes nearly popped out of his head. He was then seven months old.

church with several members. They have three sons, Len, Ray, and Wilfred—who is married and has kiddies.

There haven't been many weddings recently at this church, but it is expected that the new decor will change all that.

Altogether, the interior decoration when complete will have cost about £400. Addition of the new baptistry will require several more hundreds. Building restrictions, however, are holding up this part of the operations, but the parishioners hope all will be finished in five years at the latest.



CHURCH OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE at Lobethal, S.A., in its picturesque setting of trees and solid old stone walls.



OLDEST PARISHIONER, Mrs. Paul Michael, shaking hands with the rector after service.

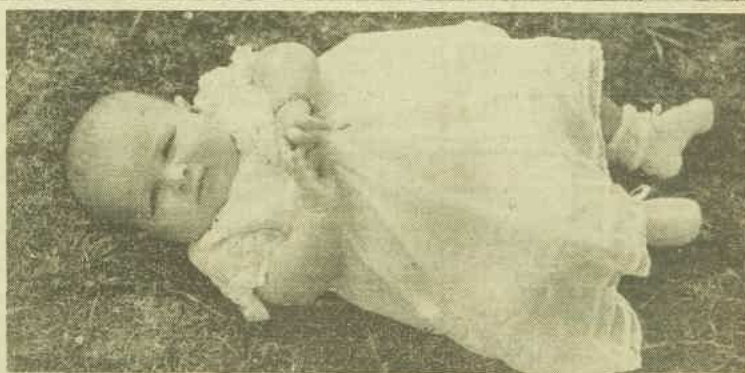
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 24, 1949

OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE GIVES A PARTY



BRIGHT DRESSES of 18 mothers formed contrast with snowy-white best frocks worn by their babies. They had informal party in park as guests of Sister Mary Jacob, The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Nurse.

CHRISTMAS being the time for reunions, Sister Mary Jacob organised a get-together in Hyde Park, Sydney, of mothers who have received pre-natal advice from her at The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Most of the mothers hadn't met since their babies arrived, so seized the opportunity to exchange news, show off the babies, and talk to Sister. Mothers and babies, already nicely suntanned, got another touch of brown, while Sister Jacob petted and admired the toddlers whom she calls affectionately "my babies."



FIVE-MONTHS-OLD Colleen Wood relaxes in her party frock on the grass and keeps her eyes on mother and everyone else. Pictures by Staff Photographer Jack Hickson.



AFTERNOON TEA is poured out of thermos by Sister Mary Jacob. Mothers enjoy scones and cakes while their babies thirstily absorb milk or orange juice.



THE YOUNGER SET at play. All toddlers, the boys scrap over a toy, take off their shoes, and empty mothers' handbags. The girls tidy up with combs, or just sit calmly.



"False Teeth won't wreck my chances"

Don't let stains and film tell the world you wear false teeth. Keep them natural-looking and free from stains, dingy film and tartar with Kemdex. Simply immerse in Kemdex and water, and in 10 minutes your teeth will be deodorised, fresh and thoroughly clean.

*Send for free sample to Scott & Bowne (Australia) Ltd., Box 40, P.O., Surrey Hills.

KEMDEX

CLEANS FALSE TEETH SAFELY AND QUICKLY

Does This Apply
to
YOUR
Husband's Wife?

Little Tommy was crying loudly. "Tommy," said his mother, "you'll never go to Heaven if you cry like that!" "I don't want to go to Heaven—I want to go with Daddy!" cried Tommy.

Now—where was Daddy going? Out with the boys? Down to the Club? Of course, he'd much rather be taking Mother out to dine and dance or see the shows . . . but no man wants to take out even a pretty wife, if her trucks are dull and dowdy!

Oh, no—It's not expensive to dress glamorously—it's just the trifling cost of a packet of Gilbey's Dyes. Your chemist sells them—and will gladly give you

FREE

Technical Help and Advice.

COOKERY FOR PARTIES

Unavailable to all who entertain at home. At all newsagents and book-stalls, 2/-



it must be

Polo

HANDKERCHIEFS

GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS—AVAILABLE LEADING STORES

AND to-day was the 15th. And Mrs. Jacobson took Davie into the front carriage.

Xavier vibrated frustration, but the impulse did not come to him until False Bay. There was only one passenger there, too—elderly Miss Porter, herself vibrant with nerves, neurotic, soul-rasped by insomnia. She also got into the front carriage, chose a corner seat by herself, and shut her eyes in a mute parody of the sleep that would not come.

But Xavier did not know about this. He only knew that the ticket examiner had stood on the platform next to him, and said to the driver: "About time they retired this old crock, eh, Mike?"

Something snapped in Xavier, not structurally, but in the invisible fibres of his personality. His thoughts whirled like an egg-beater. False Bay—slow—express—faster—faster—pieces all along the line—faster—faster—express—express—express.

He was off, and he knew he was off, and he was glad of it.

After the driver, cursing in panic at the brake lever that refused to work, Mrs. van Nickerk was the first to sense something wrong. The train flashed past Lakeside, and this was not right. Slow train . . . Hendrik.

The serrated edge of the half-crown was impressing the flesh of her hand. Newlands. Gert Bester's taxi. Would the train stop at Newlands? Timidly, she asked Mr. Skelton.

"Uh? . . . What? . . . All stations. It should have stopped at Lakeside. We're out of control," he said. And the thought of death did not even make him shiver. He put his hand in his pocket and counted each of the five five-pound notes.

"It must stop at Newlands," said Mrs. van Nickerk.

In the front carriage Miss Porter sat stiffly with her eyes closed.

The boy Davie said: "Mummie, the train's running away."

He spoke from some inner perception, and Mrs. Jacobson was afraid because she also sensed it was true. But she was even more afraid because there was excitement in his voice.

"No, it isn't, darling," she said. "That's the way it always goes. Did I ever tell you about the kitty I had when I was a little girl—the one that used to play the piano?"

In the back carriage the girl was saying ". . . if you hadn't been the masterful type, Bill, I'd never have come with you to-day. You were so strong and persuasive—"

She stopped because the man had turned back from looking out of the window, and all the blood had left his face. "What's the matter?" she asked quickly.

"We're out of control," he said hoarsely. "The driver's dead, or fainted, and the train's just going by itself. I saw them waving and shouting on Retreat station. There's going to be a smash-up. We'll all be killed . . ."

"Don't worry so," she said. "They'll do something. It'll be all

right. You'll see." And then: "Why, you're afraid."

All along the lines there were frantic telephone calls, and signals being raised and lowered, and points shifted, and other trains shunted aside.

"I have to get off at Newlands," said Mrs. van Nickerk. She thought of Hendrik, lying there dying, wanting to say good-bye.

Plumstead snarled past the window.

Mr. Skelton said absently: "Perhaps they'll have control by then," but he was not listening to his own words. He was wondering why he was not afraid. All his life he had trembled at death, and now he was not afraid.

BACK in the end carriage the young man shouted, "How can you sit there like that? Don't you realise what's going to happen? Olive, don't you realise? There'll be another train, or a derailment, or—"

"Whatever happens, we'll be together," the girl said quietly.

"Together? And what good's that going to do either of us? Together—and dead?"

Miss Porter sat in the same position. And her eyes were still closed.

Davie said: "Mummie, what station was that?"

"Wynberg, Davie."

"Wynberg—so fast? Oh—look! Look at the poles—look how they're flying. Gee, we're speeding!"

"Are we, son? I was telling you about the kitty. Well, we also had an old dog called Mickey—one of those big hairy dogs—and every time the kitty ran up and down the piano—"

Xavier's wheels drummed a quick tune. Thisisthe life, thisisthe life, Kenilworth, Kenilworth, thisisthe life, thisisthe life, Harfield Road, Harfield Road, thisisthe life, thisisthe life.

"Gee, Mum, look how fast we're going now."

"It's not really so fast, Davie—it just seems like it. Now one day we decided to play a joke on the kitty."

The young man in the end coach shivered in his seat and looked green. "Claremont," he said, "we've passed Claremont already. We may pass all the stations, and then what? Capetown. And it's a dead-end there—a dead-end!"

Xavier gulped the space remaining to Newlands.

Mrs. van Nickerk stood up, fumbled with the catch, and opened the door. She took a step forward.

Skelton caught her by the arm. She struggled against him, and in the struggle her fingers somehow opened, and her heart rolled with the half-crown and shattered itself on the permanent way. She sat down then, and wept, and Skelton closed the door.

"My half-crown," she said.

"It's not my fault you lost it," said Skelton quickly. "You shouldn't have tried to jump. You might have been killed."

"You don't understand. I had to get off at Newlands. My husband is ill, dying. I heard from the doctor. He said Hendrik was calling for me."

"Sentiment," he said. "You must think of yourself first at a time like this. He's going to die in any case, isn't he? You'd have killed yourself jumping. As it is, you've still got a chance."

"He's my man," she said obstinately, "and he is calling for me."

In the front carriage Miss Porter made her first movement. A slight one. She shifted the weight of her body, and settled herself deeper in the seat. But she kept her eyes closed all the time.

" . . . And after that the kitty never walked over the piano again."

"Look out the window, Mum.

Xavier Expresses Himself

Continued from page 5

We're breaking records. I'm sure we're breaking records."

"Yes, Davie—it's nothing."

Mr. Skelton thought of his will, of the distant relative he had picked as his heir, and realised suddenly that his death would be cause for rejoicing.

The girl sat straight in the seat in the back carriage, and there were shadows in her eyes.

"Is death so terrible, Bill?" she said. "It might be worse, you know. You might be crippled, or maimed, and live a lifetime of pain—"

The young man opposite gibbered.

The wind had whipped across the white heat of enthusiasm, cutting it, cooling it. Xavier was beginning to feel old.

Just before entering Capetown the driver, with a yell of relief, found Xavier answering again to the controls. He pulled him up, eased him gently to a platform, and stopped. Railway officials, police people, milled around.

Miss Porter opened her eyes, heard a voice from the next compartment rising above the hubbub.

"Wake up, Mummie. We're here. This is Capetown. You mustn't go to sleep now. You talked all the way, and now we're here you just flop down and sleep. Wake up, Mummie, wake up." And then: "It's all right, Davie. I'm awake now."

Lucky young woman, thought Miss Porter. If only I could do it. It doesn't help much, just closing my eyes. It's still the same old long journey, the same sounds beating in my brain, the same stopping and starting at every insignificant little

station every couple of hundred yards. Sleep. If only I could sleep . . .

The policeman thrust his head through the window in the end carriage, and said: "You all right, Miss?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"What happened to this fellow? Did he throw some sort of a fit?"

"It seemed like it," she agreed.

"Travelling with him, Miss? Who is he? Do you know him?"

"No, I don't know him," she said.

Skelton spoke gruffly to hide his relief. "Well, we're here, and we're safe. You can take a bus now to go and see your husband."

"No," said Mrs. van Nickerk. "I can't take a bus." She looked dumbly down at the hand which had held the half-crown.

Somewhere, in the back of his mind, dimly, Skelton felt an understanding and an urge. He rose to his feet and fumbled at her hand. "Here," he said, "here." He opened the door and stepped out to lose himself in the crowd.

The tears rolled down Mrs. van Nickerk's cheeks, and her eyes were wild and unbelieving. All the same, she acted with resolution. She jumped to the platform, and walked firmly to the nearest exit, holding the five five-pound notes as tightly as she could close fingers.

"Taxi!" she called. "Taxi!"

Railwaymen were gathered near Xavier, discussing him, and he caught snatches of their conversation. "Old rattletrap . . . dangerous . . . replacements . . . should be scrapped."

But this time he didn't mind at all.

(Copyright)

Mind If I Use Your Telephone?

Continued from page 7

PASSING me the coffee, Madeline said, "It's all right, and I do mean the coffee."

"You would."

"It's nice being here, too."

"I like you more and more," I said.

She said firmly, "I think you've got a lovely telephone. Now I must go."

I went upstairs next evening and knocked on Madeline's door.

"Good evening," I said, "Phone."

She came down and picked up the receiver.

"The line's dead," she said, putting the receiver back.

"So's Shakespeare," I informed her. "So what?"

"I thought you said I was wanted on the phone?"

"No, I just said phone. But now that you're here, sit down and get comfortable. I'll make coffee later."

"I'm disappointed," she said. "I thought somebody wanted me."

"Somebody does."

She sat down. Later we had coffee. Then later we had more coffee.

Still later I said to her: "We know each other pretty well now, don't we?"

"It's getting late," she said.

"I never propose early in the evening," I explained.

"I've got a horrible feeling I won't be able to sleep to-night after all that coffee."

"You'll marry me though, won't you?" I asked.

"I really must have time to think about it," she paused.

"I've thought about it," she announced. "The answer is yes. Do I move down here or will you move upstairs?"

"Shall we toss?"

"No. I'll move down. You've got a phone."

"Yes, I'm very lucky," I said.

A few days later Madeline and I were shopping. It's marvellous the things you have to buy. We called on our landlord, too.

"We're going to get married, Mr. Curlin," I said.

He looked at her and he looked at me.

"You're a very lucky man," he said. "I'm very glad. Have you been able to get a house or do you wish to retain a flat?"

"No," I said. "I'm quite normal. I haven't been able to get a house. We'll keep one of the flats."

"Which one do you want?"

"I'll keep mine. It's got a phone."

"All my flats have the phone on," Mr. Curlin said.

"Come on, dear, we must hurry," Madeline said.

"What's this about all flats having a phone?" I said.

"Of course, they all have a phone."

"Then why—"

"Darling," Madeline started, "think of the time. We'll never be ready to get married. Good-bye, Mr. Curlin."

Out in the street, Madeline started: "Now we'll go—"

"What did he mean, all his flats have a phone?"

"I suppose he meant that every flat has a phone."

"But you—"

"All right, I'll tell you. I came down to use your phone because I realised somebody had to make the first move. I knew you were goofy about me by the goofy look on your face . . . You didn't mind, really, did you, darling?"

"Mind you using my phone? Not at all."

(Copyright)

I MADE no comment, and Sophia went on: "Then there's my own mother—she's an actress. She's a darling, but she's got absolutely no sense of proportion. She's one of those unconscious egoists who can only see things in relation to how it affects them. That's rather frightening, sometimes, you know."

She hurried on, almost without pausing: "And there's Clemency, Uncle Roger's wife. She's a scientist—she's doing some kind of very important research. She's ruthless, too, in a kind of cold-blooded impersonal way. Uncle Roger's the exact opposite—he's the kindest and most lovable person in the world, but he has a terrific temper. And there's father—"

She made a long pause. "Father," she said slowly, "is almost too well controlled. You never know what he's thinking. It's probably a kind of unconscious self-defence against mother's absolute orgies of emotion, but sometimes it worries me a little."

"My dear girl," I said, "you're working yourself up unnecessarily. What it comes to in the end is that everybody, perhaps, is capable of murder."

"I suppose that's true. Even me," "Not you!"

"Oh, yes, Charles, you can't make me an exception. I suppose I could murder someone . . . She was silent a moment or two, then added, "But if so, it would have to be something really worth while!"

I laughed then. I couldn't help it. And Sophia smiled.

"Perhaps I'm a fool," she said, "but we've got to find out the truth about grandfather's death. We've got to. If only it was Brenda . . . I felt suddenly rather sorry for Brenda Leonides."

Along the path towards us came a tall figure walking briskly. It had on a battered old felt hat, a shapeless skirt, and a cumbersome jersey.

"Aunt Edith," said Sophia.

The figure paused once or twice, stooping to the flower borders, then it advanced upon us. I rose.

"This is Charles Hayward, Aunt Edith. My aunt, Miss de Haviland."

Edith de Haviland was a woman

of about seventy. She had a mass of untidy grey hair, a weather-beaten face, and a shrewd and piercing glance.

"How d'ye do?" she said. "I've heard about you. Back from the East. How's your father?"

Rather surprised, I said he was very well.

"Knew him when he was a boy," said Miss de Haviland. "Knew his mother very well. You look rather like her. Have you come to help us—or the other thing?"

"I hope to help," I said rather uncomfortably. She nodded.

"We could do with some help. Place swarming with policemen. Pop out at you all over the place."

She turned to Sophia. "Nannie's asking for you, Sophia. Fish."

"Bother," said Sophia. "I'll go and telephone about it."

She walked briskly towards the house. Miss de Haviland turned and walked slowly in the same direction. I fell into step beside her.

"Don't know what we'd all do without Nannies," said Miss de Haviland. "Nearly everybody's got an old Nannie. They come back and wash and iron and cook and do housework. Faithful. Chose this one myself—years ago."

She stooped and pulled viciously at an entangling bit of green.

"Hateful stuff—bindweed!"

With her heel she ground the green stuff viciously underfoot.

"This is a bad business, Charles Hayward," she said. She looked towards the house. "What do the police think about it? Suppose I mustn't ask you that. Seems odd to think of Aristide being poisoned. For that matter, it seems odd to think of him being dead. I never liked him—never! But I can't get used to the idea of his being dead."

I said nothing. For all her curt way of speech Edith de Haviland seemed in a reminiscent mood.

Crooked House

Continued from page 9

"Was thinking this morning—I've lived here a long time. Over forty years. Came here when my sister died. He asked me to. Seven children, and the youngest only a year old. . . . Couldn't leave 'em to be brought up by a foreigner, could I? An impossible marriage, of course." She shrugged.

"I always felt Marcia must have been—well—bewitched. Ugly, common little foreigner! He gave me a free hand—I will say that. Nurses, governesses, schools. And proper wholesome nursery food—not those queer spiced dishes he used to eat."

"And you've been here ever since?" I murmured.

"Yes. Queer in a way. I could have left, I suppose, when the children grew up and married . . . I suppose, really, I'd got interested in the garden. And then there was Philip. If a man marries an actress he can't expect to have any home life." Again she shrugged.

"Don't know why actresses have children. As soon as a baby's born

they rush off and play somewhere as remote as possible. Philip did the sensible thing, moved in here with his books."

"What does Philip Leonides do?" "Writes books. Can't think why. Nobody wants to read them. All about obscure historical details. Never heard of them, have you?"

I admitted it. "Too much money, that's what he's had," said Miss de Haviland. "Most people have to stop being cranks and earn a living."

"Don't his books pay?"

"Of course not. He's supposed to be a great authority on certain periods and all that. But he doesn't have to make his books pay—Aristide settled something like a hundred thousand pounds—something quite fantastic—on him!"

"Aristide made them all financially independent. Roger runs Associated Catering. Sophia has a very handsome allowance. The children's money is in trust for them."

"So no one gains particularly by his death?"

She threw me a strange glance. "Yes, they do. They all get more money. But they could probably have had it, if they asked for it."

"Have you any idea who poisoned him, Miss de Haviland?"

She replied characteristically: "No. Indeed I haven't. It's upset me very much. Not nice to think one has a Borgia loose about the house. I suppose the police will fasten on poor Brenda."

"You don't think they'll be right in doing so?"

"I simply can't tell. She's always seemed to me a singularly stupid and commonplace young woman—rather conventional. Not my idea of a poisoner. Still, after all, if a young woman of twenty-four marries a man close on eighty, it's fairly obvious that she's marrying him for his money."



RIVETS

EYEING me shrewdly, Miss de Haviland said, "In the normal course of events Brenda could have expected to become a rich widow fairly soon. But Aristide was a singularly tough old man. His diabetes wasn't getting any worse. He really looked like living to be a hundred. I suppose she got tired of waiting . . ."

"In that case," I said, and stopped.

"In that case," said Miss de Haviland briskly, "it will be more or less all right. Annoying publicity, of course. But, after all, she isn't one of the family."

"You've no other ideas?" I asked.

"What other ideas should I have?" I wondered. I had a suspicion that there might be more going on under the battered felt hat than I knew.

Behind the jerky, almost disconnected utterance, there was, I thought, a very shrewd brain at work. For a moment I even wondered whether Miss de Haviland had poisoned Aristide Leonides herself.

It did not seem an impossible idea. At the back of my mind was the way she had ground the bindweed into the soil with her heel with a kind of vindictive thoroughness.

I remembered the word Sophia had used. Ruthlessness.

Given good and sufficient reason. But what exactly would seem to Edith de Haviland good and sufficient reason?

To answer that, I should have to know her better.

The front door was open. We passed through it into a spacious hall. At the back was a white paneled wall with a door in it.

"My brother-in-law's part of the house," said Miss de Haviland. "The ground floor is Philip and Magda's."

We went through the doorway on the left into a large drawing-room. It had pale-blue paneled walls, and furniture covered in heavy brocade.

On every available table and on the walls were pictures of actors, dancers, and stage scenes and designs. A Degas of ballet dancers hung over the mantelpiece. There were masses of flowers everywhere.

"I suppose," said Miss de Haviland, "that you want to see Philip?"

Please turn to page 29



Be sure it's a Summit!

Words of wisdom from Santa — "Be sure it's a Summit." You'll be proud when you give a "Summit" — it looks a good pen and IS a good pen.

THE GIFT FOR "HIM" . . .
THE GIFT FOR "HER"



GIFT SETS

Pen and Propelling pencil to match. PS 100 in black 35/- set. PS 125 in black, mottled grey, green, burgundy, 45/- set. PS 160 in black, plain grey, blue, green, maroon, 70/- set.



.. with the GOLD NIB that puts character in writing.

Every Summit pen has the 14 ct. Gold iridium-tipped nib—you can choose the nib that suits your style of writing.

.. with the ETERNITE unbreakable cover.

In rich two tones and black. Summit Pens stand up to hard handling.

.. take it with you everywhere—it can't leak!

The cap and clip are precision-made so as you can carry securely in pocket or ladies' handbag.

This Xmas.. be sure to give a

SUMMIT

GUARANTEED
ALL ENGLISH PENS



SF3/30

AT ALL STORES, JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS



He's
SAFE
thanks to
Screenwire

Protect him



MOSQUITOES



FLIES



COCKROACHES

He can't defend himself against insect pests. They bite him, sting him, infect him with serious illness, disturb his sleep, make him cross and miserable. For baby's sake, install Screenwire Doors and Window Screens, and keep the house free from flies, mosquitoes, all living insects. Screen a verandah, too, and give him a fresh air playroom and sleepout. Bronze Screenwire, specially resistant to corrosion, is recommended for seaside areas, or situations more than normally exposed to weather.

with
Screenwire

Manufactured by
Cyclone

Company of Australia Ltd.

Obtainable from
YOUR HARDWARE DEALER

CS45/16

HERCO SKIN LOTION CONTAINS Olive Oil for your skin beauty

ASK FOR THE **ROUND BOTTLE WITH THE ORANGE LABEL**

Available from Chemists and Stores everywhere.

3oz bottles 2/6 6oz 3/6 tubes 1/6

Use it always!

MELTONIAN WHITE SHOE SOAP

for White Leather

Meltonian shoe soap not only cleans white leather, it restores the surface finish—it's simple to use, easy to apply—quick to dry. It is the perfected cleaner for all white leather shoes, gloves and bags.

IN "BUMPY" JARS AT SHOE SHOPS, STORES, REPAIRERS—EVERYWHERE

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by **KARA and KARON:** Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda.

Under the country's law, if one weds, the other must quit the throne and go into exile, so each plans to marry first. They try plots first, then offers of vast treasure. Mandrake and Narda say they are not interested.



NOW READ ON:

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES. "IN TIME, YOUR TREASURES WILL TURN TO DUST, RUST, AND ASHES, AS DO ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS," SAYS MANDRAKE. "STILL NOT INTERESTED."



THEN LOOK AT ME, NARDA, SAYS KARON, ARROGANTLY. "I AM YOUNG, STRONG, AND HANDSOME." — "I, TOO, AM YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, MANDRAKE," SAYS KARA, ENTICINGLY. AND IT'S TRUE. THEY ARE A HANDSOME PAIR.



MANDRAKE GESTURES AGAIN. "THIS, TOO, WILL PASS! NO... STILL NOT INTERESTED."



"YOU MOCK US, MAKE FOOLS OF US, WITH YOUR TRICKS?" CRIES KARON, AS THE ILLUSION PASSES. "YOU FORGET, WE HAVE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER ALL IN KARANA! FOR YOU, I DECREE DEATH!" HE ROARS, SWINGING HIS SHARP, SHINING SWORD.



AS PRINCE KARON STRIKES AT MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY. THE SWORD SEEMS TO COIL BACK TO THE HILT, LIKE A SPRING!



"YOU ARE A MAGICIAN!" CRIES KARON. "I WILL GO TO SAGGO, MY COURT WIZARD. HE WILL OVERCOME YOU! I WILL FIGHT MAGIC WITH MAGIC!"



PRINCESS KARA IS GENUINELY REPENTANT. "MY BROTHER AND I HAVE ACTED LIKE SPOILED CHILDREN. YOU'VE TAUGHT US—ME, AT LEAST—THAT WE CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE OUR OWN WAY. I APOLOGIZE."



LOTHAR, MEANWHILE, OVERCOMES THE PRINCE'S GUARDS WHO WERE HOLDING HIM...



TO BE CONTINUED

THANK YOU DOCTOR

Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I have taken Ford Pills while feeding each of my three children. I think they are just right for Nursing Mothers. They're so gentle and dependable.

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I was about on the edge of a nervous breakdown, but since I started on Ford Pills I feel as fit as a fiddle—never felt better in my life.

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Headaches, Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

In plastic tubes, 2/6 Everywhere

FORD PILLS

DID I want to see Philip? I had no idea. All I had wanted to do was to see Sophia. That I had done. She had given emphatic encouragement to the Old Man's plan—but she had now receded from the scene and was presumably somewhere telephoning about fish, having given me no indication how to proceed.

Was I to approach Philip Leonides as a young man anxious to marry his daughter, or as a casual friend who had dropped in (surely not at such a moment!) or as an associate of the police!

Miss de Haviland gave me no time to consider her question. It was, indeed, not a question at all, but more an assertion. Miss de Haviland, I judged, was more inclined to assert than to question.

"We'll go into the library," she said.

She led me out of the drawing-room, along a corridor and in through another door.

It was a big room, full of books. The books did not confine themselves to the bookcases that reached up to the ceiling. They were on chairs and tables and even on the floor. And yet there was no sense of disarray about them.

The room was cold. There was some smell about it in that I was conscious of having expected. In a second or two I realised what I missed. It was the scent of tobacco. Philip Leonides was not a smoker.

He got up from behind his table as we entered—a tall man, aged somewhere around fifty, an extraordinarily handsome man. Everyone had laid so much emphasis on the ugliness of Aristide Leonides, I had not expected his son to be good-looking.

"This is Charles Hayward, Philip," said Edith de Haviland.

"Ah, how do you do?"

I could not tell if he had ever heard of me. The hand he gave me was cold. His face was quite incurious. It made me rather nervous. He stood there, patient and uninterested.

"Where are those awful policemen?" demanded Miss de Haviland. "Have they been in here?"

"I believe Chief-Inspector"—(he glanced down at a card on the desk)—"er—Taverner is coming to talk to me presently."

"Where is he now?"

"I've no idea, Aunt Edith."

Looking at Philip Leonides, it seemed quite impossible that a murder could have been committed anywhere in his vicinity.

"Is Magda up yet?"

"I don't know. She's not usually up before eleven."

"That sounds like her now," said Edith de Haviland.

What sounded like Mrs. Philip Leonides was a high voice talking very rapidly and approaching very fast. The door behind me burst open and a woman came in, giving the impression that three women rather than one entered.

She was smoking a cigarette in a long holder. A cascade of tawny hair rippled down her back. Her eyes were blue and enormous and she was talking very rapidly in a husky rather attractive voice with a very clear enunciation.

"Darling, I can't stand it—I simply can't stand it—just think of the notices—it isn't in the papers yet, but of course it will be—and I simply can't make up my mind what I ought to wear at the inquest—very, very subdued?—not black, though, perhaps dark purple."

She flung out her hands. "How calm you are, Philip! How can you be so calm? Don't you realise we can leave this awful house now. Freedom—freedom! Oh, how unkind—the poor old Sweetie—of course we'd never have left him while he was alive. He really did dote on us; didn't he—in spite of all the trouble that woman upstairs tried to make between us?"

"I'm quite sure that if we had gone away and left him to her, he'd have cut us right out of everything. Horrible creature! After all, poor old Sweetie Pie was just on ninety—all the family feeling in the world couldn't have stood up against a dreadful woman on the spot."

She turned vaguely to her husband.

"You know, Philip, I really believe that this would be a wonderful opportunity to put on the Edith Thompson play. This murder would give us a lot of advance publicity. Bildenstein said he could get the Thespian—that dreary play in verse about miners is coming off any minute—it's a wonderful part—wonderful."

I thought she must stop, but still she went on: "They say I must always play comedy because of my nose—but you know there's quite a lot of comedy to be got out of Edith Thompson—I don't think the author realised that—comedy always heightens the suspense. I know what I'll do. I shall play the part like this."

Her eyes widened suddenly, her face stiffened. "Comedy only at first," she said, "and then terror—"

The stark fear stayed on her face for about twenty seconds, then her face relaxed, crumpled, a bewildered child was about to burst into tears.

SUDDENLY all emotion was wiped away as though by a sponge, and, turning to me, Magda asked in a businesslike tone: "Don't you think that would be the way to play Edith Thompson?"

I said I thought that would be exactly the way to play Edith Thompson. At the moment I could only remember very vaguely who Edith Thompson was, but I was anxious to start off well with Sophia's mother.

"Rather like Brenda, really, wasn't she?" said Magda. "D'you know, I never thought of that. It's very interesting. Shall I point that out to the inspector?"

The man behind the desk frowned very slightly.

"There's really no need, Magda," he said, "for you to see him at all. I can tell him anything he wants to know."

"Not see him?" Her voice went up. "But of course I must see him! Darling, you're so terribly unimaginative! You don't realise the importance of details. He'll want to know exactly how and when everything happened, all the little things one noticed and wondered about at the time—"

"Mother," said Sophia, coming through the open door, "you're not to tell the inspector a lot of lies."

"Sophia—darling . . ."

"I know, precious, that you've got it all set and that you're ready to give a most beautiful performance. But you've got it all wrong."

"Nonsense. You don't know . . ."

"I do know. You've got to play it quite differently, darling. Subdued—saying very little—holding it all back—on your guard—protecting the family."

Magda Leonides' face showed the naive perplexity of a child.

"Darling," she said, "do you really think—"

"Yes, I do."

Sophia added, as a little pleased smile began to show on her mother's face: "I've made you some chocolate. It's in the drawing-room."

"Oh—good—I'm starving—"

She paused in the doorway.

"You don't know," she said, and the words appeared to be addressed either to me or to the bookshelf behind my head, "how lovely it is to have a daughter!"

On this exit line she went out.

"Goodness alone knows," said Miss de Haviland, "what she will say to the police!"

"She'll be all right," said Sophia.

Crooked House

Continued from page 27

"She might say anything."
"Don't worry," said Sophia. "She'll play it the way the producer says. I'm the producer!"

She went out after her mother, but wheeled back to say: "Here's Chief-Inspector Taverner to see you, father. You don't mind if Charles stays, do you?"

I thought that a faint air of bewilderment showed on Philip Leonides' face. It well might! But his incurious habit served me in good stead.

"Oh, certainly—certainly," he murmured vaguely.

Chief-Inspector Taverner came in, solid, dependable, and with an air of businesslike promptitude that was somehow soothing.

"Just a little unpleasantness," his manner seemed to say, "and then we shall be out of the house for good—and nobody will be more pleased than I shall."

He drew up a chair to the desk, and I sat down unobtrusively a little way off.

"Yes, Chief-Inspector?" said Philip.

Miss de Haviland said abruptly: "You don't want me, Inspector?"

"Not just at the moment, Miss de Haviland. Later, if I might just have a few words with you—"

"Of course. I shall be upstairs."

She went out, shutting the door behind her.

"Well, Chief-Inspector?" Philip repeated.

"I know you're very busy and I don't want to disturb you for long. But I may mention to you in confidence that our suspicions are confirmed. Your father did not die a natural death. His death was the result of an overdose of physostigmine—more usually known as 'serenine.'"

Philip bowed his head. He showed no particular emotion.

"I don't know whether that suggests anything to you?" Taverner went on.

Please turn to page 30



"CLENDON" In White only.



"FIESTA" Tan — Brown Black and White.



Women you admire wear Poplar Shoes! **STYLISH**

SHOES THAT ARE COMFY. AVAILABLE

IN AMERICAN MULTIPLE FITTINGS

AT LEADING STORES FROM 52/9 TO 54/6.

POPLAR SHOES

130 HOODLE STREET, COLLINGWOOD, VIC.



Wedding Belles will Wring



MAKE *Light* OF WASH-DAY
WITH THE NEW

POPE
Wringmaster
GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS.

THE ONLY WRINGER with
ALL THESE FEATURES

- Positive pressure control by exclusive Controlover Action • Gentle, friction-free gear driven rollers turn almost without effort • Highest quality white rubber rollers • Stainless steel "fold-away" trays • Quickly adjustable drip-tray • Chrome-plated fold-away handle • Rust-proof baked enamel and chrome finish • Fits every size of trough.

Engineered and Guaranteed by POPE PRODUCTS LIMITED : : All States : : Obtainable all Stores

THE WORLD'S FINEST WRINGER

*A Dream of a
Wringer that works
like a Charm!*

A GIFT EVERY WOMAN
HOPES TO GET . . .

SLEEPLESS, NERVY

Now sleeps and eats well,
thanks to Bidomak

"I have been suffering from insomnia, loss of appetite, and nerves . . . a complete breakdown appeared imminent. I was persuaded to try Bidomak and, after six weeks' treatment, I sleep soundly and eat well."

(Sgt.) Mrs. E.L. N. Perth, W.A.

If you are nervy, tired out, and suffer the mental torture of exhausting, sleepless nights, your trouble may be caused by lack of vital minerals in your nerve tissues and bloodstream.

Take Bidomak, the tonic of the Century, and you'll be amazed how quickly you regain youthful energy and health. That's because Bidomak gives you rich, red tissue-building blood, charged with the vital minerals your system needs.

Soon your nerves are calmed and strengthened, appetite and

vigour return, you sleep refreshingly at night.

Benefit guaranteed or Money Back!

Try pleasant-to-take Bidomak for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, more vitally alive, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, your money is refunded on return of the nearly-empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Bidomak provides these extra minerals:—Iron, Manganese, Copper for the blood—Calcium to aid teeth, blood, bones, nerves—Phosphorus to sharpen the brain—Potassium and Sodium for buoyant muscles and a healthy bloodstream.

The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

"FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

Crooked House

Continued from page 29

PHILIP said impatiently, "What should I suggest? My own view is that my father must have taken the poison by accident."

"You really think so?"

"Yes, it seems to me perfectly possible. He was close on ninety, and with very imperfect eyesight."

"So he emptied the contents of his eyedrop bottle into an insulin bottle. Does that really seem to you a credible suggestion, Mr. Leonides?"

Philip did not reply. His face became even more impassive.

"We have found the eyedrop bottle, empty," Taverner went on, "in the dustbin, with no fingerprints on it. That in itself is curious. In the normal way there should have been fingerprints. Certainly your father's, possibly his wife's."

Philip said tonelessly: "I see."

"Now, Mr. Leonides, perhaps you will give me a detailed account of your own movements on the day of your father's death?"

"Certainly, Chief-Inspector. I was here, in this room, all that day, with the exception of meals, of course."

"Did you see your father at all?"

"I said good morning to him after breakfast, as was my custom."

"Were you alone with him then?"

"My—er—stepmother was in the room."

"Did he seem quite as usual?"

With a slight hint of irony, Philip replied: "He showed no foreknowledge that he was to be murdered that day."

"Is your father's portion of the house entirely separate from this?"

"Yes, the only access to it is through the door in the hall."

"Is that door kept locked?"

"No."

"Never?"

"I have never known it to be so."

"Any one could go freely between that part of the house and this?"

"Certainly. It was only separate from the point of view of domestic convenience."

"How did you first hear of your father's death?"

"My brother Roger, who occupies the west wing of the floor above, came rushing down to tell me that my father had had a sudden seizure. He had difficulty in breathing and seemed very ill."

"What did you do?"

"I telephoned through to the doctor, which nobody seemed to have thought of doing. The doctor was out, but I left a message for him to come as soon as possible. I then went upstairs."

"And then?"

"My father was clearly very ill. He died before the doctor came."

There was no emotion in Philip's voice. It was a simple statement of fact.

"Where was the rest of your family?"

"My wife was in London. She returned shortly afterwards. Sophia was also absent, I believe. The two younger ones, Eustace and Josephine, were at home."

"I hope you won't misunderstand me, Mr. Leonides; if I ask you exactly how your father's death will affect your financial position."

"I quite appreciate that you want to know all the facts. My father made us financially independent a great many years ago. My brother he made chairman and principal shareholder of Associated Catering, his largest company, and put the management of it entirely in his hands."

"He made over to me what he considered an equivalent sum—actually I think it was a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in various bonds and securities—so that I could use the capital as I chose. He also settled very generous amounts on my two sisters, who have since died."

"But he left himself still a very rich man?"

"No, actually he only retained for himself a comparatively modest income. He said it would give him an interest in life. Since that time—for the first time a faint smile creased Philip's lips—he has become, as the result of various undertakings, an even richer man than he was before."

"Your brother and yourself came here to live. That was not the result of any financial difficulties?"

"Certainly not. It was a mere matter of convenience. My father always told us that we were welcome to make a home with him. For various domestic reasons this was a convenient thing for me to do."

Philip added deliberately, "I was also extremely fond of my father. I came here with my family in 1937. I pay no rent, but I pay my proportion of the rates."

"And your brother?"

"My brother came here when his house in London was bombed in 1943."

"Now, Mr. Leonides, have you any idea what your father's testamentary dispositions are?"

"A very clear idea. He re-made his will in 1946. My father was not a secretive man. He had a great sense of family. He held a family conclave at which his solicitor was also present and who, at his request, made clear to us the terms of the will. These terms I expect you already know. Mr. Gatskill will doubtless have informed you."

TAVERNER made no comment, and Philip went on in his precise voice: "Roughly a sum of a hundred thousand pounds free of duty was left to my stepmother in addition to her already very generous marriage settlement. The residue of his property was divided into three portions, one to myself, one to my brother, and a third in trust to the three grandchildren. The estate is a large one, but the death duties, of course, will be very heavy."

"Any bequests to servants or to charity?"

"No bequests of any kind. The wages paid to servants were increased annually if they remained in his service."

"You are not—you will excuse my asking—in actual need of money, Mr. Leonides?"

"Income-tax, as you know, is somewhat heavy, Chief-Inspector, but my income amply suffices for my needs and for my wife's. Moreover, my father frequently made us all very generous gifts, and had any emergency arisen he would have come to the rescue immediately."

Philip added coldly and clearly: "I can assure you that I had no financial reason for desiring my father's death, Chief-Inspector."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Leonides, if you think I suggested anything of the kind. But we have to get at all the facts. Now I'm afraid I must ask some rather delicate questions. They refer to the relations between your father and his wife. Were they on happy terms?"

"As far as I know, perfectly."

"No quarrels?"

"I do not think so."

"There was a—great disparity in age?"

"There was."

"Did you—excuse me—approve of your father's second marriage?"

"My approval was not asked."

"That is not an answer, Mr. Leonides."

"Since you press the point, I will say that I considered the marriage—unwise."

"Did you remonstrate with your father about it?"

Please turn to page 36

Richard Hudnut
THE *only*
**home
permanent**
TO INCLUDE A
Special
creme rinse!

Because of their years of experience in hair beauty treatment at their Fifth Avenue, New York, Salon, Richard Hudnut specialists know that a special creme rinse is necessary for a lasting, salon-type wave . . . for softness, extra luster and easier setting. So, in the Richard Hudnut Home Perm Kit, they have included the same type luxury Creme Rinse devised for their own use.

In every way the Richard Hudnut Kit is a true "professional" production—brings you the same processes, technique and preparations proved in years of luxury waving. You can give yourself a true salon-type wave, at home, at a fraction of the cost.



In each Kit you get: Large bottle Creme Waving Lotion (moist); Neutralizer; 60 Plastic Curling Rods—2 sizes; longer and shorter; instruction booklet . . .

Refills 10/6.

Richard
Hudnut
**home
permanent**

At chemists and leading Department Stores
HPN.35.101



More Fun
with the Kiddies!

NAGGING BACKACHE DISAPPEARS
You'll enjoy a romp with the kiddies, once you discover how to relieve that backache. Often the trouble is tired kidneys which permit poisons to remain in your blood. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, headaches and dizziness. Get sure, safe relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 60 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE
KIDNEY
PILLS

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionaire LOLA LEEDS sends Larry to Hollywood to play a tragic part. Producer SAM HILL knows the film will flop, so first tries to scare Larry away. Then he gets a stage hand to drop a huge cardboard pie on Larry from the top of a building.

As I Read
The
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): An important cycle starts from December 23, involving your career and ambitions. There is a possibility of some disturbance, and an element of the unexpected enters your affairs from December 25 to 27. So be discreet and watchful.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): A very busy week, and a trying one. Be tactful with relatives and in-laws, especially from December 22 to 25. Don't overtax your nerves, and avoid long or tedious journeys if possible.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): With the exception of December 24, which should help you to make sound decisions, the week from December 21 is adverse, with danger, confusion, deception, and loss.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your personal relationships are likely to run anything but smoothly this week. Partners can be irritating and domestic affairs upset. Avoid quarrels. Worst dates December 25 to 27, with December 24 helpful.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): You certainly have to work this week, but with good results if you don't overtax yourself towards December 25. The days around Christmas may bring unexpected mishaps and slight accidents. Watch your diet.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Use care in the home from December 21 to 23. You are apt to get nowhere in a hurry. Your best day is December 24, when most things will turn up trumps. Don't pursue the impossible from December 25 to 27.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Muddles and confusion may dodge your steps until December 23. Even on December 25 your plans could go unexpectedly wrong. Don't be surprised at a sudden rearrangement in Christmas plans.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Get all Christmas buying finished by December 21; you may shop unwisely after that date. December 24 is good, helping personal relationships and mental activity.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Things may be confusing or disappointing until December 23. Then come some good financial possibilities. Try not to overspend or to quarrel about money around Christmas and the following two days.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): A week of renewed energy and drive, when fresh fields look greener. Beware, however, for there is a catch in most things this week. Act discreetly from December 22. Use December 24 to advantage, and go carefully on Christmas Day.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): You will gain most by going quietly this week. Plan and prepare as you near December 24, but watch for sudden upsets or slight accidents on December 25. Uranus gets busy and gives no warning.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A week when many of your hopes and wishes will be thwarted and your close ties severely strained. However, a really good opportunity should open on December 24. Try and make the most of it.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 165-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



IF SUMMER MAKES YOU WEARY



Revitalise with *Radox

Wonderful how Radox banishes that hot-weather lassitude! You have a good soak in a Radox bath before you go to bed, and next morning—bingo!—you wake up ready to go! Radox has this re-vitalising effect because it gives ordinary water the properties of a mineral spring spa.

Great for tired feet, too.

When your feet are tired and aching, soak them in a Radox foot bath. As the oxygen-charged water frees the pores of perspiration acids, you feel wonderfully refreshed.

2/8 packet, from your chemist



START RADOX TODAY—FEEL FRESHER TOMORROW

There is a reason
why you should look
for this label



When buying a
TELESCOPIC
SWIM SUIT

Every garment so labelled features
the unique spiral elastic shirring,
eliminating unsightly seams,
breakages, uneven tensions.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL:

Martin White "Tele-
scopic" Swim Suit is the
GENUINE & ORIGINAL
patented garment. Every
suit is guaranteed.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL
LEADING STORES.



In Australia:
R. & W. H. SYMINGTON & CO. (AUS.) PTY. LTD.
Howard Street, West Melbourne.
Makers of the famous
LIBERTY and NUBACK Foundation Garments.



FINE ACTRESS Greer Garson is now filming a sequel to the wartime film, "Mrs. Miniver," at the Elstree Studios near London. Once more she appears as Mrs. Miniver, of the quiet suburb of Belham, and Walter Pidgeon is Clem Miniver, her husband. This picture was taken during a filming break.



CLOSELY WATCHED by one of her children, young Jeanne Crain recently left her footprints in the cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre before an interested crowd. This made her number 104 in Hollywood's hall of fame, which was begun in 1927 at the premiere of Cecil B. DeMille's "King of Kings."

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ I Was a Male War Bride

SOME of the most amusing celluloid comedy that has come along for quite a while is seen in this Twentieth Century-Fox comedy-romance.

Stars Cary Grant, as Captain Henri Rochard of the French Economic Mission, and Ann Sheridan as American War, Lieutenant Catherine Gates, have assignments that are tailored to their individual talents. They never miss a trick.

The film story is unusually long, and most of the fun stems from mixed situations and crisp dialogue rather than plot.

In the beginning these two have a mutual understanding—each thinks the other is presumptuous, inefficient, ungracious, and egotistical.

But whilst adventuring through the American Occupied Zone of Germany (which provides some striking backgrounds) in the line of duty, the pair discover that they love each other, work long and hard to secure Army approval to an immediate marriage, and immediately after the ceremony are faced with the problem of transporting Henri to the United States when Catherine's unit is ordered home.

The only possible way in which it can be managed is for Henri to travel as a male war bride, and to see the debonair Grant shaken out of his ordinary low-key comedy into something resembling slapstick provides some of the film's brightest moments.

In Sydney—the Regent.

★★ Neptune's Daughter

ON a slim thread of plot are hung some wonderful swimming sequences for Esther Williams, zany comedy routines for Red Skelton, pleasant crooning and romantic interludes for Ricardo Montalban, and tuneful music in the Xavier Cugat manner.

"Neptune's Daughter" follows the usual formula for aquatic spectacles, but it's pleasant escapist material that is easy on the eyes.

Don't worry about the paucity of plot. If you are an Esther Williams fan you will be satisfied to see the swim-star as a bathing beauty who is persuaded into the bathing-suit manufacturing business by glib promoter Keenan Wynn, displaying

her undoubted charms in a dazzling succession of costumes of various types.

The girl is acting with added aplomb, too.

Romance gallops into her life with the appearance of wealthy polo player, Ricardo Montalban. For a while Esther looks like losing the race for favor, but a quick change of pace remedies all that.

Comedienne Betty Garrett, Keenan Wynn, and Red Skelton score in their comely capering against lavish technicolor backgrounds.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ Jolson Sings Again

FILMED in lavish technicolor, Columbia's new Jolson musical begins where "The Jolson Story" left off, and deals with the veteran entertainer's life in recent years—his efforts to make a stage comeback, his wartime tours under Special Services, and marriage to an Army nurse, up to the time of his commencing a new career on radio and films.

"Jolson Sings Again" is a film that is full of action, music, warmth, and technical interest. The wealth of song material, put across in high-voltage Jolson style, will delight his film-fans.

Larry Parks repeats his uncanny impersonation of the mummy singer, and, as before, the voice on the sound track is really Jolson's.

That fine actor, Ludwig Donath, and Tamara Shayne again play Al's parents, Cantor Yoelson and his wife, and the two Bills—Demarest and Goodwin—play his original and noticeably older, Broadway associates.

Pretty Barbara Hale scores in the role of the Arkansas Army nurse who wins the singer's heart and encourages him to make his comeback.

In Sydney—the State.

★ Father Was a Fullback

FROM the title of this slight Fox comedy, another of those rah-rah gridiron sagas is indicated.

The football background is there, but most of the interest hinges on the family life of the coach of a losing State university team, his wife, and adolescent daughters, rather than the sport.

Fred MacMurray has to look bothered about practically every-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

thing—his daughters, his job, and how to win a game and placate the outraged alumni. He does.

Maurice O'Hara has the role of his sympathetic wife, and Betty Lynn, who played a "difficult" daughter role in "Mother was a Freshman," repeats the formula as the elder Cooper daughter.

There are some mildly humorous situations and family dialogue in which Natalie Wood, as the younger Cooper, takes a lively part.

Rudy Vallee does another of those fuss-budget roles as a member of the alumni.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

★ Warning to Wantons

THIS Aquila Film introduces the perfect minx in the person of Anne Vernon, and she is obviously a young lady who is going places, cinematically speaking.

Parisian-born, of an Italian mother and Spanish father, Anne, as Renee of the film, oozes charm and natural joie de vivre.

The light and inconsequential plot concerns a sophisticated 17-year-old, who crashes high society, fascinates a count, dazzles his son, infuriates his daughter-in-law, and ends up by forswearing the riches spread at her feet to go off with a virile peasant.

Although Harold Warrender is a distinguished Count Kárdak, and David Tomlinson as his son, Max, amusingly gauche and naive, generally the film lacks sparkle and is too slow moving.

The appearance in supporting roles of Marie Burke and Judy Kelly will interest Australian filmgoers.

In Sydney—the Embassy.

THE villagers at Jouey, near Paris, turned out in force to welcome Dirk Bogarde, but not because he is such a big hit in films. Bogarde was the first allied officer to enter their town on liberation. And he is back there for a sentimental journey.

LITTLE Petula Clark is growing up. Her next film, "Dance Hall," gives her her first love scenes. She has been film testing with her prospective film sweetheart, and is considerably refraining from eating pickled onions, which she is mad about.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 24, 1949



LORDS of the Philistines gather to rejoice that their enemy, Samson, has been delivered into their hands and to make sport of the fallen strong man to please the savage multitude.



HEDY LAMARR as the corrupt beauty, Delilah, who betrays Samson to the Philistines. She is wearing one of the most lavish and provocative costumes in this vivid spectacle.

Samson and Delilah

OFTEN called the world's greatest love story "Samson and Delilah" is now brought to the screen as a technicolor spectacle of might and magnificence by Cecil B. De Mille.

The production is based on careful research of Minoan (Philistine) culture, and the story is taken from chapters 13 to 16 of the Book of Judges, in the Bible.

Director De Mille, filmdom's most Bible-wise director, began preparation and research in 1935 for this tale of love and faith, brutality and kindness, despair and hope, strength and weakness, and blood and fire, and he describes it as "the dream of a lifetime come true."

Glamorous Hedy Lamarr plays the title role of Delilah, and during most of the picture she exercises her considerable allure to bring Samson, strong man of Gaza (portrayed by Victor Mature), into the grasp of his enemies, the Philistines.

Among supporting characters George Sanders portrays the suave, intellectual Lord of the Philistines and Henry Wilcoxon the role of Artur, the villain.

This Paramount release will be seen here in the New Year.

The Australian Women's Weekly
December 24, 1949 — Page 33



Peggy Sage NAIL POLISH

is a symbol of supreme beauty and charm

Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon and used by distinguished women the world over, PEGGY SAGE will give you that added accent of exotic, glowing colour at your finger-tips... an added advantage is its long lasting quality—PEGGY SAGE is obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.



Fascinating Peggy Sage Colours:
Regency... Clover... Vintage...
Dark Fire... Victorian Rose...
Heartbreak... Naturelle... Plain

A.P. 2-18

Merry Christmas



Give **NYLONS**



Sutex

Make Lovely Legs Lovelier

5X.1



1 DETERMINED to achieve wealth, newly married Ruth (Ruth Warwick) secures laboratory for husband David Palmer (Dennis O'Keefe). He perfects sulphur formulae, becomes financially independent.



2 EXCITED about win of pacer, Dan Patch, David's father suffers heart attack. Ruth snubs trainer Ben Lathrop (John Hoyt) and tomboy daughter Cissy (Gail Russell).

STORY OF A PACER



THE GREAT DAN PATCH

● In the days when harness was first favorite, on training tracks and stock farms, men strove to increase the speed of the horse.

On to the scene came Dan Patch, the best, swiftest, and greatest harness horse. This is his story.

As a green colt, with only three weeks' training, he paces a mile in 2.04, and, sweeping everything before him, he eventually breaks the record of his champion sire, by covering the mile in 1.594.

Then in his last race, three running horses pace Dan Patch in an exhibition run in which the world's champion beats his own record by covering the mile in 1.55.

A W. R. Frank production, released through United Artists.



3 DYING Dan Palmer (Henry Hull) bequeaths Dan Patch to David, and Aunt Netty (Charlotte Greenwood) offers help.

4 THREAT by David, whom she has come to love, to get new trainer induces Cissy to stay and help train Dan Patch.



5 SERIES of sensational victories culminates in Dan Patch breaking sire's record and establishing his own mile record at 1.594, racing against time. Ruth sends telegram demanding that David return home.



6 FORCED by Ruth, David returns to farm to break news of stable disposal to Ben and Cissy, and is resentful to find young rider, Bud Ransom (Harry Lauter), courting Cissy.



7 JEALOUS, David asks Cissy to visit mare foaling Dan Patch's first offspring. They find mare at exhaustion point, have to work all night to save her, then turn to and fight stable fire started during night.



8 MARRIAGE ends for Ruth and David when he finally returns to farm. Later he and Cissy marry, and Dan Patch beats own world's record by pacing a mile in 1.55.

"Merry Christmas, Mummy!"



"Merry Christmas, Nursel!"



"Merry Christmas, Jill!"



It's the thought that counts on Xmas morning



Your gift need not be expensive to be appreciated on Christmas morning. It's the *thought* that counts . . .

Here is a delightful gift which everyone appreciates — MacRobertson's "Old Gold" Chocolates. Twelve different, delicious varieties in every half-pound box . . . twenty-three quality chocolates in two layers. And new centres which make this famous assortment better value and more attractive than ever!



When you're playing Father Christmas remember "COLUMBINES"

Make sure your youngsters enjoy wholesome sweets this Christmas. Fill those stockings with "Columbines". "Columbines" not only look attractive in their gay, slender packet, but each "Columbine" Caramel is a delicious, energizing and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose.

Made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.



Hair appeal

COMES WITH
MARIGNY HAIR VITALISER



Dull, coarse-looking hair takes on new beauty and highlights once you've used MARIGNY HAIR VITALISER. It's goodbye to dandruff, split ends and falling hair. It's goodbye to dandruff, split ends and falling hair. once you use MARIGNY HAIR VITALISER. Hairdressers everywhere, including the present World's Champion, Julien Simonet, recommend MARIGNY HAIR VITALISER as *Australia's* No. 1 Hair Tonic — on sale at hairdressers, good stores and chemists.

MARIGNY

("MAREENY")

HAIR VITALISER

AUSTRALIA'S NO. 1

PRICE 2/6 PER TUBE



TRY ALSO: MARIGNY FOAM SHAMPOO, WAVE SET LOTION, HAIR LACQUER AND BRILLIANTINE.

PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE.

177 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. 39 PARK STREET, SYDNEY AND ALL STATES.

Crooked House

Continued from page 30

FOR a moment Philip was silent, then he said very deliberately, "When I heard of the marriage, it was an accomplished fact."

"Was there any bad feeling about the matter?" Taverner asked.

"My father was at perfect liberty to do as he pleased."

"Your relations with Mrs. Leonides had been amicable?"

"Perfectly."

"You are on friendly terms with her?"

"We very seldom meet."

Chief-Inspector Taverner shifted his ground.

"Can you tell me something about Mr. Laurence Brown?"

"I'm afraid I can't. He was engaged by my father."

"But he was engaged to teach your children, Mr. Leonides."

"True. My son was a sufferer from infantile paralysis — fortunately a light case — and it was considered not advisable to send him to a public school. My father suggested that he and my young daughter Josephine should have a private tutor. The choice at the time was rather limited, since the tutor in question must be ineligible for military service."

He went on calmly and evenly, "This young man's credentials were satisfactory, my father and my aunt, who has always looked after the children's welfare, were satisfied, and I acquiesced. I may add that I have no fault to find with his teaching, which has been conscientious and adequate."

"His living quarters are in your father's part of the house, not here?"

"There was more room up there."

"Have you ever noticed — I am sorry to ask this — any signs of intimacy between Laurence Brown and your stepmother?"

"I have had no opportunity of observing anything of the kind."

"Have you heard any gossip or tittle-tattle on the subject?"

"I don't listen to gossip or tittle-tattle, Chief-Inspector."

"Very creditable," said Inspector Taverner. "So you've seen no evil, heard no evil, and aren't speaking any evil?"

"If you like to put it that way, Chief-Inspector."

Inspector Taverner got up.

"Well," he said, "thank you very much, Mr. Leonides."

I followed him unobtrusively out of the room.

"Whew," said Taverner, "he's a cold fish."

He added, "And now, we'll go and have a word with Mrs. Philip, Magda West, her stage name is."

"Is she any good?" I asked. "I know her name, and I believe I've seen her in various shows, but I can't remember when and where."

"She's one of those near-successes," said Taverner. "She's starred once or twice in the West End, she's made quite a name for herself in Repertory — she plays a lot for the little highbrow theatres and the Sunday clubs." He grinned.

"The truth is, I think, she's been handicapped by not having to earn her living at it. She's been able to pick and choose, and to go where she likes, and occasionally to put up the money and finance a show where she'd fancied a certain part — usually the last part in the world to suit her. Result is, she's receded a bit into the amateur class."

"She's good, mind you," he added, "especially in comedy, but managers don't like her much. They say she's too independent, and she's a trouble-maker — foments rows and enjoys a bit of mischief-making. I don't know how much of it is true, but she's not too popular among her fellow artists."

Sophia came out of the drawing-room and said: "My mother is in here, Chief-Inspector."

I followed Taverner into the big drawing-room. For a moment I hardly recognised the woman who sat calm and composed on the brocade settee, her titian hair swept up on her head. I could scarcely believe that this was the tempestuous creature in the peach negligee.

"Inspector Taverner?" she said. "Do come in and sit down. Will you smoke? This is a most terrible business. I simply feel at the moment that I just can't take it in."

Her voice was low and emotionless, the voice of a person determined at all costs to display self-control. She went on: "Please tell me if I can help you in any way."

"Thank you, Mrs. Leonides. Where were you at the time of the tragedy?"

"I suppose I must have been driving down from London. I'd lunched with a friend. Then we'd gone to a dress show. When I got back here everything was in commotion. It seemed my father-in-law had had a sudden seizure. He was — dead." Her voice trembled just a little.

"You were fond of your father-in-law?"

"I was devoted —"

Her voice rose. Sophia adjusted, very slightly, the angle of the Degas picture. Magda's voice dropped to its former subdued tone.

"I was very fond of him," she said in a quiet voice. "We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

"I was devoted —"

"We all were. He was — very good to us."

"Did you get on well with Mrs. Leonides?"

"We didn't see very much of Brenda."

"Why was that?"

"Well, we hadn't much in common. Poor, dear Brenda."

To be continued

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEWEST looking evening coats by Paris designers are short cut to just above ankle-length and have a slightly Chinese look.

Evening coat

"I AM going to a formal dance in about five weeks, and would like you to advise me about a design for an evening coat, something rather new and glamorous. Would it be suitable to have one made floor-length and cut like a well-tailored hostess gown in brocade or satin?"

High style for late summer and early autumn is an evening coat made in satin or silk taffeta with a skirt averaging around 11in. from the ground. Other style points to concentrate on are unmounted shoulders and wide, cuffed sleeves. Popular colors are pale blonde, deep amber, steel-grey, and ruby-red. The design illustrated is a typical example of this type of coat. Made in one of the above materials and colors, you will have a coat that looks festive and glamorous.

Summer style

"WOULD you please give me suggestions for a summer frock? I want the style to have the latest fashion points but still be simple and youthful. I am 29, but my friends tell me I look much younger because I am slight and not quite five feet four inches."

A typical design of the season and one that I consider both simple and youthful is a one-piece with a front-button closing, plunging or open neckline, unmounted sleeves, and an easy skirt. Often two good-sized pockets placed on the skirt or two smaller ones placed high on the bodice provide the sole decor.

Formal linens

"MY outfit for a family wedding worries me. It is to be early in the New Year, which is the hottest time of the year up here. Please give me your advice. The wedding



Evening coats are new with unmounted shoulders, cuffed sleeves.

is at 3.30, a large affair, and, as the sister of the bride, I want to look striking and smart. I am very fond of any fashion that is smart and new."

White and light embroidered linen, made with open decollete necks and moderate skirt fullness, is a typical summertime fashion for a formal daytime occasion. Accessories in keeping with the formality of the occasion would be a large brimmed

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

hat and high heeled shoes in a light pump design.

American-type shorts

"AS a teenager and a great admirer of your fashions, would you tell me the correct length for shorts and the type of jacket and blouse to wear with them? I always follow American fashions because I think they are smarter than French styles for a girl in her late teens."

If publicity has anything to do with it, American

teenagers should be the best-dressed girls in the world, because in U.S.A. they are catered for more extensively than anywhere else. The length you choose for your shorts depends on your figure proportions (which, by the way, you didn't mention). The most popular shorts in America, and coming into favor here, are made three inches above the knee in a bright corduroy cotton, grey flannel, or a plaid wool. A prep. school type blazer in a dark color, piped in white, and a white cotton shirt are both popular fashions to wear with shorts.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"ELLEN"—An attractively styled matron's dress. The material is a navy tussora printed in a white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 38 and 40in. bust, price 74/6; 42 and 44in. bust, 77/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38 and 40in. bust, 57/11; 42 and 44in. bust, 59/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

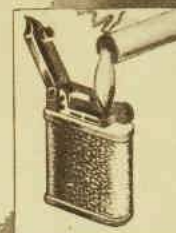
"BERYL"—Tailored one-piece tennis dress. Has side-front buttoning and unusual neckline. The material is white silk-vest suede.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 64/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 66/9. Postage 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 52/3. Postage 2/3 extra.

N.B.—No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post:
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4010, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



UPRIGHT for cigarettes.



The Gift that NEVER fails



TILT IT for your pipe.

Beattie jet
"REG. U.S. PAT. OFF."
LIGHTER

Point the flame right down into your pipe—it doubles your pipe pleasure. Hold upright for cigarettes and cigars—you get a perfect flame. Unconditionally guaranteed. There's nothing mechanical to get out of order—it just keeps on lighting. Extra large fuel tank with slip cover for easy fueling. It's the smartest looking lighter, too—nickel case with black morocco grained cover 42/-

AT STORES, JEWELLERS AND TOBACCONISTS

"Strike a light" with a BEATTIE.

"REG. U.S. PAT. 1894300. Other patents pending" 82/16

Gentle firm support—just where you need it most!

These two lovely new Corlasto styles present an exclusive and revolutionary idea "for support in the most needed places. Reinforced front and rear with silk elastic stripping. The pantee has detachable crotch and suspenders.

*Australian patent applied for. Step in—No. 614. Pantee—No. 702.

Corlasto
THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE FOUNDATION
NOVOLINE
THE MODERN BRASSIERE
ASK FOR THEM AT ALL LEADING STORES



"Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintha—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double strength Kintha, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Parties that go with a swing!

Your reputation as a hostess will be greatly enhanced if you follow the detailed plans set out in "Cookery for Parties"—an Australian Women's Weekly publication.

"Cookery for Parties" is an indispensable guide to all who entertain at home, yet without it costs so little—two shillings at any newsagent or bookstall. Get your copy to-day.

*Santa's
Favourite Gift*



Beau Monde
Full Fashioned **HOSIERY**



Surprise and delight her with a sparkling gift of...

GAZE
CRÈME NAIL ENAMEL
Tops in Tips!



CURLYPET
makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/8. e.2

all the best brushes are **nylon bristled**

R18-3

Drink Habit Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 52 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Nervousness, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



SUMMERTIME GIRL cannot keep her fresh vivacity unless she follows wise beauty and health rules.

Fresh-as-a-daisy...

● The point of this story is that nobody needs to sacrifice good looks either to work indoors or play outdoors during humid weather.

WITH beauty well in mind, check up first on the office scene.

Is the bottom drawer of your office desk stuffed with bottles and boxes, face tissues, nail polish, jars of cream, and manicure tools? Or do you go to the other extreme and carry only a compact and lipstick in your handbag with which to deal with the day's cares?

Somewhere between these two ideas on grooming is the efficient, attractive office girl who comes to work looking chic and smart and steps out briskly after the day is ended, looking just as fresh.

There are masses of beauty aids designed to help keep busy girls looking as charming as their more leisurely sisters. But you needn't jam all of these good products merrily into a desk drawer.

Shop and select the ones you need and intend to use. Include in what you buy some sort of quick-cleansing preparation. In the powder-room when you damp a piece of cottonwool with the liquid and smooth it quickly and lightly over your murky face, you feel as though you'd had a good scrub.

This will provide a nice surface for the next lot of powder, rouge, and lipstick, as well as leaving a fresh-as-a-daisy feeling.

And don't forget a good brush-off with a clean little whisk or clothesbrush over shoulders and the rest of you where powder and bits accumulate, particularly before leaving the office or the house for the great outdoors.

Health experts who study the physiological effects of hot weather stress the importance of wearing suitable clothing during the summer months; it is now known medically that light clothing is necessary for maintaining the proper evaporation of moisture—the principal means by which the system keeps cool. In other words, light clothing

helps the body keep itself cool.

Here are pointers on what to do when the thermometer moves into the 80's and 90's:

- Keep in mind the fact that clothing should be light both in weight and color, as well as loose-fitting, to permit the body's normal cooling process to operate as efficiently as possible.
- Stick to fabrics which are sheer and porous.
- Avoid tightly fitted apparel.
- A hat is cooler than no hat at all.
- Shoes with provision for ventilation keep feet more comfortable.
- Keep the throat and wrists free from heavy jewellery.
- Well-pressed clothes not only look better but have the effect of appearing to be cooler.
- Short, cotton gloves are preferable to bare hands.

Where the greater part of your day is spent outdoors, mainly protective preparations win the day.

A soothing cream or lotion to shelter the face from sun and windburn, and to use over your whole body if the skin is sensitive.

Wear your brightest lipstick, and plenty of it, or else a pomade, to keep lips from parching and peeling, and don't overlook cooling witch hazel to pat on those bothersome little insect bites, if any.

A good oily cream for repair work at night, a good pair of dark glasses, and, if you can run to it, some pine bath oil for an after-bath rub strikes a nice balance between femininity and the great outdoors.

No summing-up of the summer picture is complete without a thought to the hair.

Adopt a gay, cool, short-hair style, or simply gather your hair up on the top of your head and tie it there with a piece of bright ribbon. Curled ends will make a topknot of charming ringlets, but now and again remove all pins and bands and let hair billow in the breeze.

Forget about the tangles. They will keep you brushing longer when you come inside, and that is just the thing hair experts order.



GOR-RAY skirts one better!

Obtainable at all leading stores
Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

Don't let your hands say

"Housework"

USE Softasilk AFTER EVERY HOUSEHOLD JOB



KEEP A TUBE IN YOUR BEDROOM, IN YOUR BATHROOM, IN YOUR KITCHEN

SOFTASILK
Hand Beauty Cream

LARGE 2/
SMALL 1/3

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE



TOM PIPER
Rich **PLUM PUDDING**

Picnic MEALS

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

WHEN you're off to your favorite picnic ground—be it the beach, the bush, or even your own garden—choose food and accessories that are bright and attractive to match the spirit of the day.

Pack foods carefully so that they emerge from the picnic basket as fresh as when put in.

Cartons may be used to carry individual servings of salad. They may be decorated with colored paper for extra gaiety.

Jellied meat-loaves are best carried in their tins and turned out on to serving plate just before required. Small quantity of hot water can be used to heat tin sufficiently to un mould loaf.

Foods to be eaten out-of-doors should be moist, but not too moist; well-seasoned but not thirst-provoking, and light, but not crumbly. Meals should be well balanced, finished with fresh fruit.

Tea and coffee are favorites for the adults, but include a nourishing and refreshing fruit-drink for the children and teenagers.

Follow our suggested picnic menu or use it as a guide to one of your own creation.

PICNIC MENU

Minted Lamb and Pineapple Loaf
Outdoor Salad
Fruit Crescent Scones
Chocolate Cake with Orange Cream
Tea or Coffee, Orange and Lemon Syrup
Fresh Fruit

MINTED LAMB AND PINEAPPLE LOAF

Mint Jelly: Two cups mint sprigs, 1½ cups boiling water, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, salt, pepper, green coloring, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Lamb and Pineapple Layer: One cup diced cooked lamb or veal (or tinned meat), ½ cup stock or juice from cooked pineapple, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup finely diced cooked celery, ½ cup finely diced cooked pineapple, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, parsley and tomato wedges to garnish.

Mint Jelly: Pour boiling water over mint, cover and soak 1 hour. Bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes, strain. Add gelatine and sugar, stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, salt, and pepper to taste, color green. Set very thin layer in bottom of loaf-tin, approximately 8in. x 5in. x 3in. Slice hard-boiled egg, arrange slices along centre of jelly. Cover with more mint jelly, making layer ½in. deep, allow to set.

Lamb and Pineapple Layer: Dissolve gelatine in heated stock or pineapple syrup, when cold stir in mayonnaise. Combine lamb, pineapple, celery, and red pepper, season with salt and pepper, fold in mayonnaise mixture. When beginning to thicken, pour on to jelly in mould. Chill. When firm, add remaining mint jelly, to which balance of hard-boiled egg (finely chopped) has been added. Chill until firm. Unmould



on to serving platter, serve in slices garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

OUTDOOR SALAD

Salad Cups: Three cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup finely diced radishes, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 3 tablespoons diced parboiled green pepper, 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons sweet pickle, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt (or more, according to taste), 1½ cups mayonnaise, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, radish rings and parsley sprigs to garnish.

Accessories: Lettuce, long radishes, hard-boiled eggs, tomato and cucumber slices.

Combine potato, radish, onion, green pepper, parsley, pickle, salt, and pepper. Toss lightly with mayonnaise and lemon juice mixed together. Pack into cartons, chill. Garnish each carton with radish slices and parsley sprig before placing lids on and packing in picnic basket.

APPETITES sharpened by sea breezes and outdoor sport will welcome this inviting and nourishing picnic menu. Wholemeal rolls with cheese are tasty eaten with the outdoor salad. See recipes on this page.

ket. Serve on bed of lettuce with tomato and onion slices, halved hard-boiled eggs, and curled radishes.

FRUIT CRESCENT SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, small pinch salt, ½ teaspoon spice, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup mixed fruit, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and spice, rub in margarine or butter. Add fruit and sugar, mix well. Beat egg and milk, fold into dry ingredients making pliable dough. Reserve little egg and milk for glazing. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to approximately ½in. thickness. Cut circles with floured 2in. cutter. Glaze one side of each, fold over, making crescent shape. Glaze tops, place on greased scone trays, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg.

F. electric), 12 to 15 minutes. Lift on to cake-cooler, cover with tea-towel. When cold pack in serviette in biscuit tin or picnic basket.

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH ORANGE CREAM

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2-3rd cup milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 8oz. self-raising flour.

Orange Cream: Two tablespoons margarine or butter, ½ cup sifted icing-sugar, 2 tablespoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Chocolate Icing: Ten ounces sifted icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream margarine or butter with

orange rind. Gradually add sugar, then eggs one at a time, mix well. Sift flour three times, add alternately with milk. Fill into well-greased 8in. recess tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric), 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, fill recess with orange cream, cover with chocolate icing.

Orange Cream: Cream margarine or butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add half icing-sugar, then orange juice alternately with balance of icing-sugar. Beat until very smooth. Fill into recess.

Chocolate Icing: Sift icing-sugar and cocoa together twice. Add lemon juice to water, stir into icing-sugar, making thick, smooth mixture. Warm slowly until mixture softens to pouring consistency, pour quickly over top of cake, allowing icing to run down sides. Spread quickly with knife, leave 1 to 2 hours for icing to set before packing.

Here's
someone
who

PREFERS
the
BEST!

Rosella
FOOD PRODUCTS
Of Course!

100% AUSTRALIAN

Favorites win prizes



RICE AND PINEAPPLE GALANTINE is delicious. Served attractively it will add to the appearance of your dinner-table. See recipe.

● First prize of £5 this week is awarded for wholesome summer luncheon roll which is economical yet rich in flavor.

THESE columns are reserved each week for readers' triumphs . . . Have you entered a recipe lately?

You simply write out your popular recipes in ink, with ingredients first (using level spoon measurements), then method, and attach name and address including State to each recipe.

Who knows, the family favorite may win you a handsome cash prize!

SUMMER LUNCHEON ROLL

Two medium-sized tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1½ lb. minced steak, 3 rashers bacon, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Apple Mayonnaise: Quarter cup lemon juice, ½ cup melted margarine or butter, 2/3rds cup condensed milk, 1 egg-yolk, pinch salt, dash cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 grated granny smith apple.

Skin tomatoes, chop finely, add peeled and grated onion, minced steak, chopped bacon (rind removed), breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, lemon rind, and curry powder. Bind together with egg-white and whole egg beaten together. Shape into roll with the hands. Wrap in greased paper, tie in cloth, plunge into boiling water. Place lid on pan, boil 1½ hours. Remove carefully from cloth, allow to become cold before removing paper. Serve chilled and sliced with crisp salad vegetables and apple mayonnaise.

Apple Mayonnaise: Place ingredients in jar in order given, screw lid on tightly, shake 3 minutes, chill. Shake thoroughly before using.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. M. Blunt, James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

RICE AND PINEAPPLE GALANTINE

One pint milk, 5 tablespoons ground rice, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 medium-sized pineapple, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup sweetened whipped cream or substitute, cherries to decorate.

Gradually add milk to ground rice, stirring until very smooth. Fold in beaten egg and sugar. Cook over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat in 2 drops almond essence, pour into wetted 2-pint mould, allow to set. Peel and core pineapple, cut into ½ in. blocks. Place in saucepan with water and sugar. Bring to boiling point, simmer 15 minutes. Drain, measure 2 cups of syrup. Soften gelatine in ½ cup syrup, add to remaining 1½ cups, and stir until dissolved, add sherry.

Pour over rice shape in dish—jelly will loosen rice shape in mould so that it becomes surrounded with thin coating of pineapple jelly. Chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish. Decorate with whipped, sweetened cream or substitute, chilled cooked pineapple cubes, and cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Basset, Silverdale, Violet St., Frankston, Vic.



SERVE SUMMER LUNCHEON ROLL with crisp salad vegetables and apple mayonnaise as a luncheon dish or as a main dinner dish followed by a substantial sweet. Or slice thinly and use for sandwich filling.

In the home for a
LIFETIME



"Wikka" Tea Service in Swan Crestalite or aluminium.

The beauty and quality of Swan Brand products can be seen at a glance—but their faultless performance and long life have to be tested to be appreciated

SWAN BRAND

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
ALUMINIUM HOLLOWWARE

Identified by the Quality

SILFITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

A Christmas
message to
mothers



FOR HEALTH AND
HAPPINESS IN THE
COMING YEAR USE
CUDDLESEAT

How to get
a LIFT in LIFE

When you feel low in spirit, weary, depressed, nature is warning you that you're run-down. Then is the time to start taking WINCARNIS, the tonic with the marvellous reputation for restoring natural buoyant health and vigour to people who are run-down through worry and overwork.

WINCARNIS is prepared from choice selected wines blended with special fortifying elements to feed the brain and nerves. Thousands of recommendations have come from the medical profession praising WINCARNIS for its high recuperative powers. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for a bottle of WINCARNIS and give yourself a lift. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.

Lovely Hands

need protection when you work



Faulding Barrier Cream forms an "invisible glove" which keeps your hands soft and lovely even while you work. No grime or toil stains can harm the most sensitive hands while you're using cool Faulding Barrier Cream.

Faulding Barrier Cream is invaluable also for use in the prevention and treatment of Dermatitis and skin infection.

FAULDING Barrier Cream

Manufactured by F. H. Faulding & Co. Ltd.,
Australia's Leading Manufacturing Chemists
since 1845

CONVENIENT
SIZE TUBE 2/-
OR JAR 2/3



IF IT'S FAULDING'S - IT'S PURE!

Our answer to rising meat prices

The famous 'Red Feather' trade mark has meant the finest in canned meats for years. It guarantees the quality of "Wham".



Wham — the tasty summer delicacy of sugar-cured ham and prime beef cuts

Enjoy meat this way! Have it whenever you like — and save on your weekly meat bill at the same time! Wham is a savoury, appetising blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef. It is pressure-cooked in the tin

to seal in its delicious flavour and high nutritive values.

Wham is economical to buy. There is no waste, no bone, no fat — all rich, good, nourishing meat. Ready in a jiffy. No preparation. So serve Wham for delicious summer meals, snacks, sandwiches and picnics.

Wham is made by Kraft — and that's a fine guarantee of quality. Get some Wham today.



"PRESSURE COOKED" to Seal in Flavour and Goodness.

You know how pressure cooking seals in the flavour of meat and vegetables. Well, Wham is pressure cooked — in the tin. That's why Wham always tastes so extra delicious... always brings you the rich, nourishing goodness of selected ham and prime beef.

ASK FOR **Wham**
the delicious
RED FEATHER
delicacy made by Kraft.

W92

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort in Every Sip of Hearne's.

COUGHS & COLDS

fortuna cloth

"HUMAN RUST"

Food waste (Human Rust) adheres to the inner walls of the large intestine much as rust collects in a water pipe. The result is self-poisoning which causes 95% of present day ill-health, constipation, headache, neuritis.

Coloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

COLOSEPTIC

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all Chemists and Stores

4713



A CHRISTMAS TREE all a-sparkle with tinsel and pretty baubles adds to the joy and jollity of the great occasion. Your family and friends will be thrilled. If you can't get a suitable tree, secure a large branch from any kind of tree. Set this in a bucket or tub of sand, decorate it prettily, tie on tiny gifts, and pile the larger ones around the base.

May you have a happy Christmas!

THERE'S stir and bustle in every home as time moves swiftly towards the celebration of the Christmas festival.

All kinds of thrilling gifts-to-be are being whisked from their hiding-places, packed with loving hands in festive paper, and gaily tied.

Delicious fare for parties and the traditional feast is busying mind and hand of all good homemakers.

Every window is shining bright, the house is spic and span, and the Christmas tree and festive decorations are on the assembly line.

The very air seems charged with the Christmas spirit... and our wish is your wish: A merry, merry Christmas, everybody!—EVE GYE.



EXCITINGLY wrapped presents are fun to give. Colorful cellophane straws add gaiety to these. Below is a Yuletide wreath made by twining holly over a wire-frame, finishing with a huge bow. Try it with fir or bracken.

Summer safety rules

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE summer season has its disadvantages for mothers with babies and toddlers, but it also has many advantages.

There can be more outdoor life for the family, and children are far happier outside than when confined indoors.

You must remember that periods of long-continued heat lower resistance to germs, so here are some hot weather safety rules:

- Adjust clothes so that baby is not overheated, as this often causes irritating rashes and restlessness.
- See that baby has suitable headgear so that the eyes are protected from the strong glare, and the back of the neck and spine are shielded from the direct rays of the sun.
- Take special care of baby's food, and protect everything belonging to your child from the household fly, which is the greatest germ-carrier.
- Boil all milk and water used for babies.
- Avoid the danger of overfeeding, which, in hot weather, can cause serious digestive troubles.

These and other safety rules are discussed in a special leaflet which can be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.





NOVEL IDEA: Heap cones and greenery about a hollowed fir or pine log, flower filled, with candles, and the table set with your prettiest napery and crystal for Christmas dinner.



DISCARDED fish tanks with fine sprigs and baubles make this novel decoration. Set on hall table or against a window where sunlight can knife through it.



BEST OF ALL GIFTS. "Family Dinners," The Australian Women's Weekly newest cookery book. Packed with superb menus; wonderful recipes. Only 2/- at newsagents and booksellers.



FLOWERS make a lovely gift. Whether taken from the garden and tied with a large bow or ordered from the florist, the pleasure they give is boundless.

Garden care during holidays

EVERY good gardener is fearful of the injury that may be done to his or her treasured plants during a holiday.

Fighting the dry-weather dragon is probably the most difficult task of all during a holiday that may necessitate one's absence from home for two or three weeks. And the most insidious thief of plant-life and vigor is drought.

There are, however, many ways of meeting the situation. Firstly, mulching. This is a method of retaining moisture by placing layers of vegetable matter of some sort on the soil surface.

Materials such as dead leaves, chopped straw and hay, peat moss, lawn trimmings, leafmould, decayed compost, old manure, are all used, and are not merely a lazy man's trick, but become in time real production builders, for they rot down and become humus.

The soil should be well cultivated before applying a mulch, and should then be thoroughly watered, allowed

to drain for an hour or two, and the mulch scattered over the surface to a depth of two to three inches.

Under this blanket the soil will retain moisture, and keep plants in good condition for a considerable time—often several weeks during all but the hottest and driest weather.

Pot plants and tubs containing valuable plants should be partially buried in soil before leaving for a holiday. They should be well watered, and a three-inch layer of cinders should be placed under them for draining before actually filling them in all round.

Engaging the services of a reliable man or lad to water, weed, and cultivate the garden during a holiday would, of course, be the best plan to adopt.

If, however, the gardener cannot obtain any sort of help, the garden should be cultivated all over to a fair depth with the fork, and the hose turned on generally for some hours before going away.

The rake or hoe should be used lightly immediately afterwards. — Our Home Gardener.

World famous baritone

PETER DAWSON



says:

"Horlicks and I are old friends. I've found it the most nourishing of all food drinks."

Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit — all the time."

Just like Peter Dawson, you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy. The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful

blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Rich in these food values



— when mixed as directed

Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

the delicious,
NOURISHING food drink

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas



Friday night
is AMAMI
night!

* The day you use Amami with its pure, gentle, health-and-beauty ingredients — that will be the moment your true happiness and confidence will begin. Romance thrives on the lovely well-behaved hair assured to you by a regular Amami shampoo. For Amami has been used by attractive brunettes — and blondes every Friday night for over twenty-six years — nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! Put your hair in the care of a regular Amami shampoo.

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes. No. 2 Blondes

AMAMI

Shampoos

After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls



● "Golden Summer" is the title chosen by Mr. J. M. Edwards, 44 Drummond Street, Oakleigh, Victoria, for this idyllic scene at Adventure Bay, Tasmania, with its limpid water reflecting the gold of flowers, and green of trees.



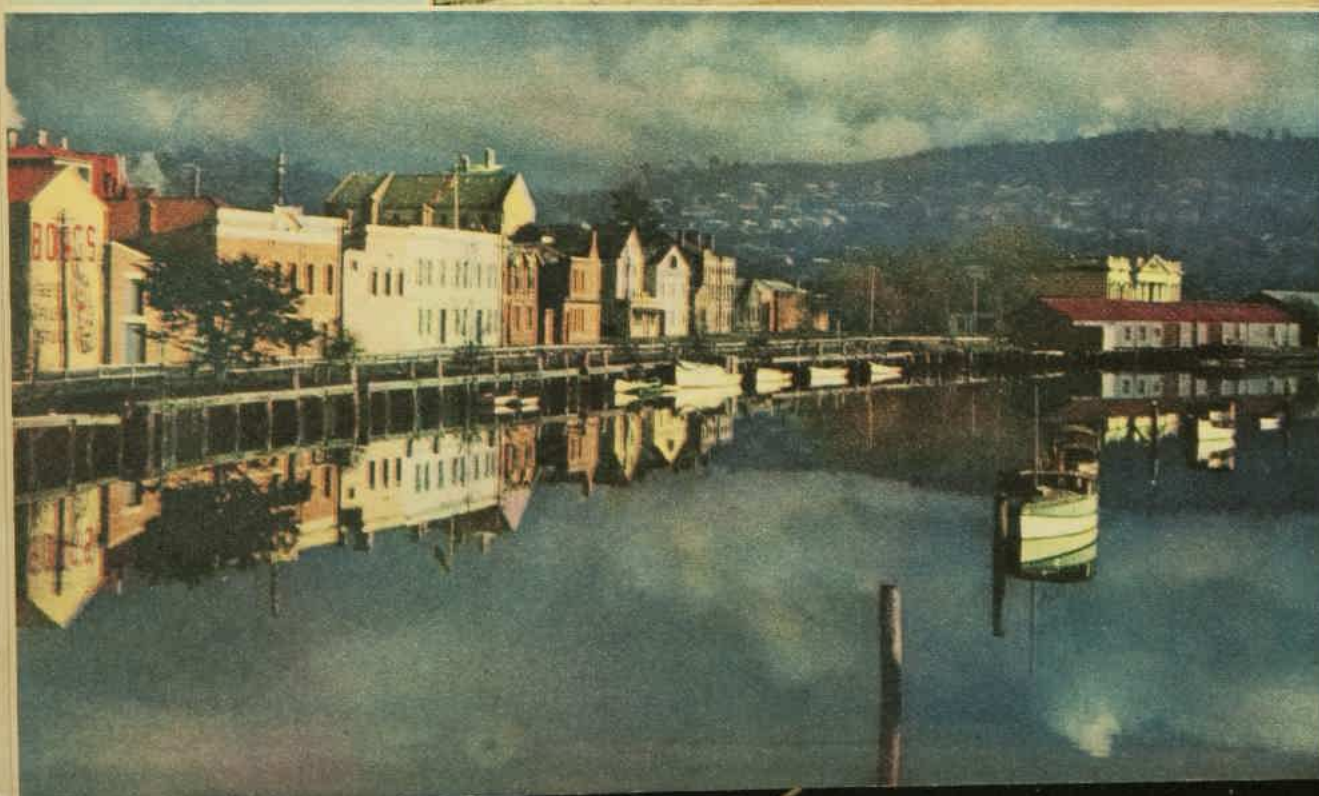
● Border gates between Queensland and New South Wales, at Coolangatta, were photographed in color, with a rainbow in the background, by Mr. R. Davie, Lorn, West Maitland, N.S.W., and make an effective, interesting picture.

Readers' Pictures

THE four Australian scenes reproduced are from readers' color transparencies which were selected some time ago. We have bought a number of readers' pictures and will continue to publish them at intervals. Readers are asked not to submit any more transparencies for the present, as so many are on hand awaiting space for publication.



● Smelting works at Mount Isa, Queensland, shown above, were also photographed and sent in by Mr. Davie, who took this and the Coolangatta picture when he made a comprehensive trip over much of Australia.



● "Old River Wharves," on the Tamar River, Tasmania, was another picture taken by Mr. Edwards during a tour of the island, and is a good contrast with the rural scene which is shown at top left.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5813.—Summer suit with a slim skirt and softly tailored braided-trimmed jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 7yds. braid. Price, 2/4.

F5814.—Attractive afternoon dress styled with a prettily draped skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5815.—One-piece day dress has contrast material for interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 4yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5816.—Softly styled shirt frock with pockets for skirt trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5817.—Small boy's summer suit. Sizes 18, 20, and 23in. lengths for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/6.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 242—HOUSE-GOWN.
Ruffled pockets and a peaked midriff are features of this attractive house-gown. It is cut out ready to sew in a pretty floral cotton in shades of aqua, pink, and blue on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust. 35/6, 36 and 38in. bust. 38/9. Regd. postage, 2/8 extra.

No. 243—PYJAMA SUIT.
Cut out ready to machine, this pyjama suit, in pink, blue, and white satin, has a pretty little motif on the pointed pockets traced ready to embroider, and a self-trim at pockets and collar. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust. 34/5, 36 and 38in. bust. 36/11. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 244—THROWOVER.
Traced ready to embroider on a pastel organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, this throwover measures 36in. x 36in., and would look sweet worked in pastel shades. Finish with a narrow lace edge (lace not supplied). Price, 5/11. Postage 4/6d. extra.

No. 245—FEEDER AND PLATE-MAT.
This delightful feeder and plate-mat set is traced ready to embroider on a good quality British cotton in blue, lemon, pink, white, and green. The mat measures 11in. x 17in., the feeder 8in. x 11in. Finish with a small hem around the outer edges or bind with a bias binding. Price, 5/11. Postage 4/6d. extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 242, 243, 244, 245, make a colour choice, C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Got the Golf "Bug"?

BEWARE OF "HUNGRY HAIR"

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR".

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supple-

ments the natural scalp oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



Vaseline

TRADE MARK

HAIR TONIC

Double care — both Scalp and Hair

C9-3



Don't let these eyes . . .



become these . . .



No one can do his work efficiently without good eyesight. Proper care is essential. And when you have any minor troubles, remember that Optrex is the perfect servant of the eyes. Keep a bottle handy. Almost every day somebody in the family will need it for such eye troubles as a dry, conjunctivitis, before the party, or after an extra hard day for the eyes.

Optrex

the EYE LOTION

ALL UGLY HAIR GONE!



IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Veet. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Veet leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves.

No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veet is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed with Veet or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/9 per tube.



Insure against
"HOLIDAY
EYES"



Long days in the sun play havoc with eyes. Glare, dust, pollen, sand and sea water all play their part in irritating delicate membranes. Guard against sore and unsightly "holiday eyes" by packing a bottle of Dr. Newell's in your suitcase. Two drops in each eye will bring instant relief and restore their clear, healthy sparkle.

There is nothing so restful to tired, aching eyes as these bland soothing drops.

Once you've tried them you'll never travel without them.



Dr. Newell's Eye Drops are prepared to an eye specialist's formula and are just as effective for children as for adults. At the first signs of conjunctivitis, sandy blight or of soreness, tiredness or strain caused through glare or overwork, place two drops of Dr. Newell's in the corner of each eye.



Buy Dr. Newell's Eye Drops where you see the Guild Chemists Sign.

Dr. Newell's

EYE DROPS

**SOLD ONLY
BY CHEMISTS**



Complete with Eye
Dropper



This product is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia